

TWENTY CENTS

JULY 20, 1953

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



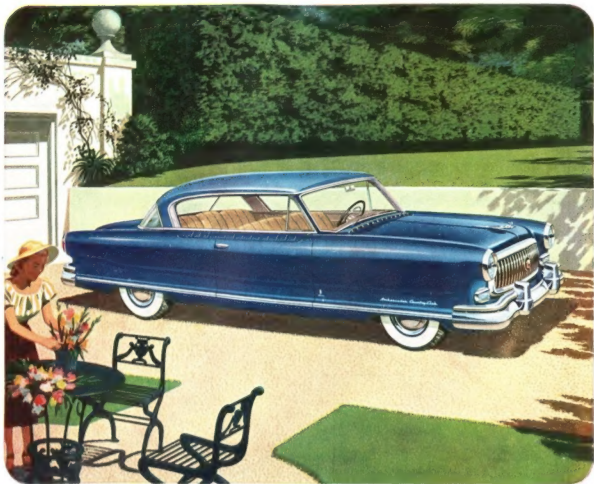
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VOL. LXII NO. 3



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LETTERS

July 4

Sir: Your wonderful cover and account—I hope Washington's spirit of honor, daring and humility, guided by God, may remain a never-forgotten American example.

PETER FLORIEN GASS

Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir:

Certainly there is no better "Man to Remember" on such a critical July 4 of 1953. Your article captures the feeble flame of '53 and holds it against the vivid backdrop of '76. And every American reading it will see better through the discouraging darkness of the present . . .

ANN HAWKES HUTTON

Bristol, Pa.

Sir:

Time's beautiful Map of Revolution in the South indicates that the war ended at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington on Oct. 19, 1781. No; our fuss with the British continued, with Indian depredations and bloodshed, for 13 more years, until Mad Anthony Wayne fought and won the Battle of Fallen Timbers south of Toledo, Ohio in 1794. Even then the dogged British renewed the struggle in 1812, burning our White House to our everlasting disgrace.

The British were in our hair, off & on, over a period of 38 years, and we are not completely untangled yet.

THOMAS M. GALEY

Owensboro, Ky.

Sir:

I found your article excellent in that it represented the American Revolution as a rebellion, not especially against the English Crown, rather against certain conditions then prevailing thereunder. I trust that you have succeeded in persuading certain Americans that we are not still fighting that particular war—that on the contrary, we ought to be cooperating with a nation which rectified its mistakes after that war was lost.

JOSEPH PAUL MORRIS JR.

Haverford, Pa.

What Keeps Illinois Afloat?

Sir:

There was a story popular in Seattle during the early war years about a disgusted stranger who viewed the barrage balloons

tugging at their moorings in the usual Seattle drizzle, and muttered: "Why don't they cut those ropes and let the damn place sink back in the ocean!"

After reading in issue after issue of TIME about conditions in Illinois (i.e., slums, gangster politics, lack of nonsectarian schools), I think the state must be held up by balloons. What a relief if somebody would cut those ropes and let the place sink . . .

MARDINE LEMMON

Pasco, Wash.

Myth or Menace?

Sir:

Honestly, don't you think most of your readers are fed up with your sophist diatribes against Senator McCarthy? The latest said that much ground is already cut from under McCarthy's feet because the present Administration is not influenced by Communism . . .

If former tenants allow skunks and beetle bugs to invade the house and associate with them, is it not the duty of the new tenant to exterminate the vermin, patch up all places of entrance, and to determine responsibility for allowing the neighborhood to be infected?

We Americans love a slugger like Senator McCarthy.

T. H. TRACY

New York City

Sir:

Your June 22 article . . . described accurately the causes and effects of McCarthyism—here and abroad . . . It also illustrates the fact that Americans think more in terms of personalities rather than issues . . . This way of thinking reminds one of the Americans' reaction to Charles A. Lindbergh when he returned from Germany 16 years ago with his information of Germany's newly acquired armed might. Everybody was so busy commenting on his "defeatism" and whether he was a good guy or not—nobody bothered to listen to him . . .

ARIE SCHOORL

Montevideo, Uruguay

Sir:

... If it wasn't easy "to inflate McCarthy to his present proportions," then the wishy-washy liberals must have been unbelievably clever. As you say, McCarthy is a major liability to Eisenhower's policies (if the lib-

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July 20, 1953

Volume LXII
Number 3

TIME, JULY 20, 1953



They're never too young to learn SAFETY

AFTER SCHOOL opens this fall, many classrooms will be decorated with pictures like those shown above. All of these pictures were actually drawn by children in the first grade.

These simple sketches show that even very young children can grasp the importance of safety and can apply its rules in their daily lives. In fact, our greatest hope of reducing the high toll of childhood accidents . . . on streets and highways, in homes, and elsewhere . . . depends largely on helping young children to develop the attitudes and skills necessary for their safety now and in the future.

Accidents kill annually about 14,000 children under age 15. In addition, some 2 million children are temporarily or permanently injured by accidents every year.

When children return to school, they will be exposed to an increased number of potential accident situations. This raises the

question, is there anything you can do to help save children from accidental injuries or loss of life? Indeed, there is. You can put more stress than ever on habits of safe conduct.

All children—especially those just entering school—should be warned to take safety precautions in the streets. They should learn to cross only at crossings, to obey traffic lights, to look both ways before stepping into the street, and to face traffic if they have to walk on a road.

If a child rides his bicycle to school, he should know and obey such rules as keeping to the right, riding single file and signaling for turns. Moreover, it is wise for parents to make sure that the bicycle has good brakes, a warning bell, a front light and a rear reflector.

Children may also be helped to avoid accidents if parents themselves set a good example by consistently practicing habits of safety in the home and elsewhere.

You can do this, for instance, by checking your home and removing possible accident hazards. Among other things, guns, ammunition and poisons should be locked up.

If, despite your protection and training, your child has repeated accidents, it would be wise to consult your family doctor. Sometimes accidents may be caused by physical or emotional conditions which he can help correct.

Remember that most accidents do not "just happen." Some authorities estimate that 90 percent or more of them are preventable. So, make your child safety-minded as he enters or returns to school. You may save him needless injury . . . and spare yourself some anxious moments.

Metropolitan's new booklet, "A Formula for Child Safety," tells how parents—by understanding their child's behavior at various stages of growth—can anticipate and forestall many accidents. Use the handy coupon for your free copy.

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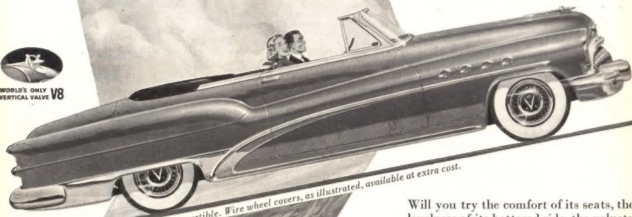
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Now, you don't have to go around in satin, holding grapes. People might talk. But you can revel like a Rajah in the most luxurious shave of all.

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have been used... but they were diverted to rescue the Marines... as usual. Unfortunately, they did not have the Marine setup of correspondents to supply the civilian correspondents with stories...

We used to sing a song in... my outfit ("The Fighting 6th") which summed up the men's feeling about the over-publicized Marines:

*From the shores of Makin and Eniwetok
To the slopes of Tapotchau.
We have fought our country's battles
And we're fighting one right now.
Oh the Army, Navy and Air Corps
All were present at the scenes,
But the guys who got the credit were
The United States Marines.*

TED POWERS

Montpelier, Vt.

Giddy Denims

Sir:

Re the June 29 article on the cotton industry: Have the gals of the fashion world been able to figure out what we sub-urban dwellers do with our new-spangled, giddy denims once they've hit the clothesline?...

(MRS.) SHEILA SCHMIDT

Los Angeles

¶ The word: don't mangle that spangle; it's a case for the drycleaner.—Ed.

Why Italy Is That Way

Sir:

Among those who commented on the recent Italian election, you were the most understanding. The majority of commentators pointed out the glaring disparity between the large sums of American money spent for Italian economic reconstruction and the apparent ingratitude of Italians in voting either left or right. Without minimizing the failure of the coalition parties to gain the bonus for extra seats, I would like to add a few comments from the Italian viewpoint. More than 95% of the 28 million Italian voters turned out for the election. Isn't this an all-time record, especially for a country which has been a democracy only since 1946? Furthermore, Italians did vote for the center parties.

As for the gains of the Communists: they have ideal conditions for their propaganda. Italy's chief problem is overpopulation... All the economic aid imaginable can't solve this problem. Italy needs emigration and Italians are willing to emigrate to any land... As for the Fascists: they are chronic sentimentalists who are fostering a regrowth of nationalism. However, in the case of Trieste, they appeal to genuine Italian patriotism and rightly so... The Italian claim to Trieste is legitimate. What Italians want is the right and opportunity to work and justice for their national interests. Until the Western powers deal with Italy on this basis, there will continue a lively Communism and Fascism dangerous to democracy.

PASQUALE M. SPOLETINI, S.J.

Los Gatos, Calif.

Pass That Old-Fashioned Spinach

Sir:

Re Jacob Rosin's theories on a "chemistic society": let Chemist Rosin go soak his head in a pail of his delightful synthetic food slops. Agricultural research has abundantly shown that world food production could easily be doubled or trebled through efficient fertilization and conservation.

This is no time to start plowing under the farmers.

EDWIN HARRINGTON
Agricultural Chemist

Carversville, Pa.

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Overweight. Short of breath. (The old ticker really pounds on a flight of stairs.)

Often over-exercises on week-ends after a sedentary week. Sometimes bothered by a peculiar swelling in the ankles.

Works too hard. (Feels he's indispensable in his job.) Has trouble relaxing. Worries. Sleeps poorly. Complains of being "always tired."

Had a couple of attacks of "indigestion" recently. When asked by wife to please check with doctor, was heard to reply: "What for? I'm not sick . . . besides I'm too busy!"



The greatest problem in dealing with heart disease today is the man (or woman) who ignores the "danger signals" until it may be too late to take advantage of the help which medical science today is prepared to give.

However, thousands of people are now living good lives with bad hearts . . . because they acted wisely and in time . . . because they knew that in their physicians' hands they were in *good hands*.

For it is a fact that much progress has already been made in dealing with heart ailments. More

and more research is being carried on, largely through such great agencies as the American Heart Association and its nation-wide affiliates; the National Heart Institute; and a number of pharmaceutical companies, including Parke, Davis & Company, since 1866 makers of medicines prescribed by physicians.

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INDEX

Cover Story.....21
News in Pictures.....18

Art.....66	Miscellaneous.....92
Books.....88	Music.....82
Business.....72	National Affairs 11
Cinema.....84	People.....38
Education.....40	Press.....48
Foreign News.....21	Radio & TV.....56
Hemisphere.....33	Religion.....44
Letters.....2	Science.....60
Medicine.....69	Sport.....53
Milestones.....71	War in Asia.....20

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on West's need of Greece and Turkey

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Talks Here Tonight

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Role of Reporter in National
Affairs to Be Discussed Here

News Expert To Speak
Assembly Friday

Malenkov Faces Fight
For Supremacy—Scott

Dear Time-Reader

Two years ago, TIME's Education Department started a special program for U.S. college students. The plan was to assign a team of writer-editor lecturers to visit campuses across the country, speak to journalism classes and other students, and be available for discussion groups. The speakers were prepared to talk on the latest news issues, discuss the functions and responsibilities of news today, and be targets in question-answer sessions. Last month the second lecture season was over, and TIME's speaking team (Frank McNaughton, John Scott and Frank Shea) returned with a solid response for this year's crop of undergraduates.

Speaker McNaughton, a veteran correspondent who covered Congress from TIME's Washington office for ten years, spoke mainly about domestic politics on his tour, and was struck by one special concern among the students he met. That concern was academic freedom, congressional investigations and Communism. Wrote McNaughton: "I have spoken at some 50 colleges and universities. I have sat in bull sessions with hundreds of students, and answered thousands of questions in open forums. It is my belief that the Communists are depending on the professors to achieve their revolution, they are betting a miserably weak hand. The students are reading widely and seriously, and asking pertinent questions: 'If we are going to defeat Communism, how will we ever do it without understanding what it is, how it operates and what makes it appeal to different groups? Wouldn't it be better if every college [like Duquesne] openly maintained an institute of Communism?' On this last lecture tour, I found the students themselves more aroused over investigations than the professors who are the targets of investigations."

John Scott, former Moscow correspondent and TIME Bureau Chief in Stockholm and Berlin, found students particularly interested in European politics, changes in the Kremlin and the future of Germany. As did the other speakers, he also ran into tough criticism of as well as praise for TIME's reporting on these critical areas. Partic-

ular criticism came from those journalism students who upheld the "cult of suspended judgment"—trying to be objective without taking a stand on an issue. (Scott's answer: Merely reporting the facts is not enough. An understanding of the meaning behind the facts is necessary for an intelligent judgment of the news today.)

Speaker Frank Shea talked on South America and the Middle East. He was in the psychological warfare branch of OWI in the Middle East during the war, later went into the Balkans as a State Department coordinator for the U.S. Information Service ("As if anyone could coordinate the Balkans"). He was later TIME Bureau Chief in Buenos Aires, where he spent two days in one of Juan Perón's jails for his stories on the confiscation of *La Prensa* (TIME, March 12, 1951). In his talks the thing that impressed him most, said Shea, was how well informed his listeners were. Said he: "They are certainly more savvy than when I was in school. There is a healthy interest in, and curiosity about, foreign affairs. This is due, I suppose, to the tensions of our times and an awareness on the part of the men, at least, that most of them will soon be projected into this uncertain world—in uniform. This was clearly reflected in the well-considered questions put to me after the sessions."

By the time the last speaking engagement of the year had been filled, the team of McNaughton, Scott & Shea had traveled through the 48 states and the District of Columbia. They had visited 256 colleges and universities, where they made a total of 700 talks. In addition to other speeches before various clubs, conventions and public forums.

The end of any experimental program always raises the question: Did it work? Enthusiastic response from both students and faculty proved that it did. For TIME, it was an opportunity to talk to old readers and meet new ones. And TIME's speakers also returned with renewed appreciation of today's students—tomorrow's newsmakers.

Cordially yours,

James A. Liner

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Why You Can't Buy a MAGNAVOX at a Discount

TELEVISION is one of the great scientific miracles of our miracle age. It is of inestimable value in relation to the great joy, entertainment and education it has brought into the American home.

Yet, many people who believe they are shopping for a TV are primarily shopping for a discount—that's because most brands can be purchased at a cut price. Thrift is commendable, bargaining a universal trait. We all seek the maximum value for our money and no one wants to suffer the embarrassment of paying more than the lowest price. But a discount doesn't necessarily enhance the value of a purchase. In television it often misleads the buyer, and gives him only short-lived satisfaction.

* * *

Owners of Magnavox television and radio-phonographs know this.

They know there is only one price—the lowest price—to everyone and here's why: Magnavox management recognized that it could not achieve its objective of building superior, custom-quality instruments within reach of the average family if burdened with the usual high distribution costs. So we have no wholesalers or jobbers.

Magnavox instruments go *directly* from our factory to our dealers. Magnavox dealers were painstakingly chosen on the basis of their standing in the community and their ability to serve you because the long-term satisfaction of a television receiver is largely dependent on the ability and integrity of the dealer.

* * *

Magnavox is sold through relatively few of the ninety-thousand dealers selling television. We do less business that way than some of our competitors, but our ambition is not to make the *most* but the *best* . . . and the *best*, in this case, is the greatest dollar value.

Your Magnavox dealer is the respected merchant who has been in business for many years. He has had "staying power" because he has rendered good service to his community and has done so at a modest profit to himself. He is generally the fine department store; the old, dependable music store; the quality furniture

store and the friendly and successful television and appliance dealer who has already won your confidence through his fair dealings and good service.

If he were to give away any portion of his small profit margin he could not maintain his establishment, properly display the merchandise to give you selectivity or give you satisfactory service in every respect.

In order to retain his Magnavox franchise—he is prevented from cutting prices by virtue of the Magnavox "One Price" policy. Magnavox instruments are sold under the legal agreements provided by the Miller-Tydings Act which prohibit him from engaging in unfair trade practices.

* * *

But, you may logically ask . . . "How does this 'One Price' policy help me get a bargain?" A Magnavox is your greatest bargain because it is the best value for every dollar you spend regardless of discounts you can obtain on other brands. And you are assured of satisfaction through the integrity and ability of your dealer. These together with the integrity of the product will give you an enduring pride of ownership. And by by-passing the jobbers and the extra margin of selling cost to which such wholesalers are entitled, we are able to offer you a substantially greater value—reflecting savings up to 20%.

* * *

We are as proud of our efficient distribution as we are of our efficient engineering and manufacturing.

Marketing surveys show that people consider Magnavox either the best, or one of the best, television receivers made. But they also think of it as high priced, because fine quality is usually synonymous with high price.

A direct comparison with other brands will prove to you that this is not the case. You will find that Magnavox, model for model, is actually lower in price than other recognized quality brands . . . prove this to your own satisfaction. Go to your Magnavox dealer. See these fine quality instruments at your nearest Magnavox dealer listed in the classified telephone directory.


President

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • FORT WAYNE 4, INDIANA

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



FOREIGN MINISTERS IN WASHINGTON: BIDAULT, DULLES, SALISBURY
A gangsters' quarrel emphasized the need for unity.

THE NATION

Time to Move

Lavrenty Beria's fall, like H. Dumpty's, was a great event, and all the Russian experts in the West started trying to piece together facts, rumors and Communist propaganda lies in order to reconstruct their theories of what is going on in the Kremlin. Charles Bohlen, U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, probably knew as much about what had happened as any outsider could. But last week, when he flew home to brief the Big Three Foreign Ministers' Conference, it was apparent that even "Chip" Bohlen did not know much.

The most obvious lesson of Beria's arrest was probably the most useful: the Communist Party is not a legitimate government of Russia, and illegitimate governments cannot develop orderly succession of authority. Like gang bosses, the top men fight until one wins, some specialists on Russian doings had recently convinced themselves that Stalin's death released a great democratic trend in the U.S.S.R., which accounted for the "soft" line in Russian foreign policy.

Dramatic Offer. This kind of wishful thinking influenced British and French demands for a four-power conference with Russia. Last week, with jungle law clearly stalking the Kremlin, a four-power conference seemed less appropriate than ever. Whoever represented Russia at such a conference would gain in recognition and stature against his rivals. It is hardly in the interest of the anti-Communist powers

to abate the dog fight by helping the Communists to pick a new top dog. At this time of renewed treachery and revolt in the Communist world, any contribution the U.S. could make toward its further disunity might pay off handsomely.

President Eisenhower lost no time in making public a dramatic and highly appropriate move. He offered last week to send \$15 million worth of food into hunger-ridden East Germany. "Because of its position as an occupying power in Germany, my Government," said Eisenhower, "has a legitimate interest in the welfare

of the people of Germany." Both the U.S.S.R. and the East German Communist government shrilly rejected the Eisenhower offer, a rejection certain to increase the rebellious mood of East Germans.

Necessary Agreement. If the news called for exploitation of Communist troubles, it also emphasized the need for greater unity of the anti-Communist nations. On this front, too, the week brought a major development—Syngman Rhee's agreement to abide by the terms of a truce in Korea. Rhee's stubborn holdout had been in large part the result of the tragic U.S. failure to define clear goals in the Korean war. But the truce negotiations had gone so far that no advantage to the anti-Communists could be gained by delaying a truce. Rhee's stand, plus evidence of Communist internal weakness, seemed to underline the need for U.S. insistence, in the peace talks scheduled to follow the truce, on free elections for a united Korea.

All in all, a newsworthy week beckoned the U.S. to firmer moves on the world board.



AMBASSADOR BOHLEN
The obvious lesson was the most useful.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Little Three & Big Four

When Sir Winston Churchill's doctors ordered a rest, the U.S., Britain and France called off the scheduled Big Three meeting in Bermuda for the time being and agreed to hold a foreign-ministers' conference—promptly dubbed the "Little Three meeting"—in Washington. Last week Britain's Lord Salisbury and France's Georges Bidault, each trailing half a dozen

aides, arrived in the capital for talks with Secretary of State Dulles.

Dulles was in a somewhat awkward position. He expected the meeting to produce nothing new on the old problems—Korea, German unification, the European Defense Community, NATO, Indo-China. Such questions were, and would continue to be, under constant discussion among the three nations at several diplomatic levels. On the other hand, he did expect Salisbury and Bidault, acting on instructions, to press for a Big Four meeting—a proposal to which Dulles did not want to say yes and could not, for amity's sake, flatly say no. To avoid raising hopes either at home or abroad, Dulles said, before the visitors arrived: "We wish these things took place more often. Then people wouldn't expect great events to take place or new policies to be issued." Disapproving of Dulles & Co.'s attitude, the *London Times* remarked: "Never has so much cold water been poured by so many on something so little..."

Inevitably, Salisbury and Bidault raised the Big Four question. Salisbury, who disapproves of the idea himself but has to go along with Churchill's view, took a middle way by suggesting that the question be put aside until after the West German elections in September. Bidault urged a Big Four conference soon. His countrymen, he said, would never ratify the European Defense Community until everything else had been tried. There is, of course, no guarantee that the French will ratify EDC even if a Big Four meeting is held and fails to reach agreement, but Bidault, who hopes to become President of France, wants to put off the day when he has to take a firm stand on the EDC issue.

Dulles got by without saying yes or no to proposals for a Big Four meeting. The conferees seemed agreed in principle that such a meeting should be held some time, but there was little chance that it would actually be held soon.

Career Woman

*The minister left last night.
I have assumed charge, Willis.*

When that laconic message crossed his desk in 1932, Secretary of State Henry Stimson asked: Who is Willis? A look at the files revealed that Willis was Frances E. (for Elizabeth) Willis, 33, third secretary in the U.S. legation in Stockholm. In the absence of the minister and his top subordinates, Frances Willis had become the first woman ever to represent the U.S. abroad as a chief of mission, even an acting chief of mission.

Last week Frances Willis hove in sight of the foreign-service officer's lifetime goal: a mission of one's own. President Eisenhower nominated her to be Ambassador to Switzerland (where women do not have a vote and take no part in government). Now counselor of the U.S. Embassy in Helsinki, she will be the sixth woman, and the first unmarried woman, to become a U.S. chief of mission.

Slim, buoyant Frances Willis is a hard-



Associated Press
FRANCES WILLIS
Mission in sight.

working, tactful career diplomat. A Ph.D. (Stanford), she taught history at Goucher and politics at Vassar before entering the foreign service at 28, served tours of duty in Chile, Sweden, Belgium, Luxembourg, Spain and Finland. In 1944-45 she was assistant to Under Secretary of State Joseph Grew, who says of her nomination to be Ambassador to Switzerland: "I think nobody could do a better job than she."

Threatening Letter

The great danger in U.S. foreign aid is that it may tempt the governments of some countries to pursue ruinous policies, and hand Uncle Sam the bill. The presentation could be accompanied by the threat



Walter Bennett
WILLIAM H. JACKSON
Mission accomplished.

of Communism and/or collapse if help is not forthcoming.

Iran's wily Premier Mohammed Mossadegh gave a glaring example of this technique. He boastfully accepted the prospect of national bankruptcy involved in his stubborn refusal to negotiate with the British on compensation for oil nationalization. But he expected the U.S. to bail him out when the going got tough. A month ago he wrote a threatening letter to President Eisenhower:

"The Iranian nation is now facing great economic and political difficulties. There can be serious consequences from an international viewpoint as well if this situation is permitted to continue. If prompt and effective aid is not given this country now, any steps that might be taken tomorrow to compensate for the negligence of today might well be too late..."

The President did not flinch. He answered in a blunt letter made public last week: "The failure of Iran and the United Kingdom to reach an agreement with regard to compensation has handicapped the Government of the United States in its efforts to help Iran... I am not trying to advise the Iranian government on its best interests. I am merely trying to explain why, in the circumstances, the Government of the United States is not presently in a position to extend more aid to Iran or to purchase Iranian oil... [I] hope that before it is too late the government of Iran will take such steps as are in its power to prevent a further deterioration of [its] situation."

STRATEGY

Without Gimmicks

When a presidential committee headed by Investment Banker William H. Jackson began to study U.S. psychological warfare five months ago, critics feared that the Eisenhower Administration was looking for trick solutions to complex international problems. Last week the White House published a summary of the non-secret portions of the Jackson Committee's final report. Far from looking for gimmicks, Jackson and his men had taken a highly cautious view of psychological warfare and had devoted much of their attention to methods of improving administration of the nation's cold-war effort.

The report proposed abolition of the ineffectual Psychological Strategy Board, which, the committee said, was "founded upon the misconception that 'psychological activities' and 'psychological strategy' somehow exist apart from official policies and actions..." To replace the purely advisory PSB, the committee recommended setting up an Operations Coordinating Board which would have the power to insure that all Government agencies conform to cold-war policies laid down by the National Security Council.

Critical of U.S. overseas information programs ("No single set of ideas has been registered abroad through effective repetition"), the committee endorsed the President's plan to consolidate in one agen-

cy the separate information services now operated by the International Information Administration, Mutual Security Agency and Technical Cooperation Administration. But it warned against the high-pressure huckster touch: "American broadcasts and printed materials should concentrate on objective, factual news reporting . . . The tone and content should be forceful and direct, but a propagandist note should be avoided."

Since the Jackson Committee included three key members of the Eisenhower Administration (Deputy Defense Secretary Roger Kyes, Presidential Assistants Robert Cutler and C. D. Jackson), its major recommendations were sure to win Administration approval.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Hagerty Snag

A fishing lure held up a Cabinet meeting in the White House last week. Just after the pre-meeting prayer, Vice President Nixon broke in to say that the day was an important anniversary: one year before, the Republican National Convention in Chicago had nominated for President "the best fisherman for votes the country has ever had." As Nixon finished his brief speech, Press Secretary James C. Hagerty and Presidential Assistant C. D. Jackson set before the President an anniversary gift from the Cabinet and the White House staff: two dozen assorted fishing lures mounted on velvet. A bass lure with two gangs of hooks got loose and snagged the press secretary's navy blue silk trousers.

Vice President, Cabinet officers and presidential assistants scrambled to Hagerty's rescue. Others stood by and offered suggestions, such as, "Take your pants off, Jim." Since Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby was on hand, Hagerty ignored the advice.

As would-be rescuers hustled about him, trying unsuccessfully to choke down their laughter, Hagerty grew red and fidgety. Guffaws pealed down White House halls. Dwight Eisenhower roared so heartily that tears trickled down his cheeks.

At last, Agriculture Secretary Benson handed Nixon a penknife, and the Vice President liberated Hagerty by cutting a slit in his trousers. Nixon announced that the lure, formerly known as the "Hula Diver," would henceforth be called the "Hagerty Snag."

Busy Man

Despite the torpor of Washington's midsummer weather, the President of the U.S. reacted with vigor to last week's news. He conferred with John Foster Dulles and top military and diplomatic aides on the renewed Korean truce negotiations. In a shrewd diplomatic gesture, he offered \$1.5 million worth of food to the people of East Germany. Then he turned to some distressed citizens of his own country.

One morning after a hurried breakfast with the Cabinet, the President flew off

to Amarillo, Texas for a fast personal inspection of the parched plains and a conference with the governors of six drought-ridden states: Texas' Allan Shivers, Colorado's Dan Thornton, New Mexico's Edwin Mechem, Oklahoma's Johnston Murray, Kansas' Edward Arn, Arkansas' Francis Cherry.

Before he hurried back to Washington, the President promised an audience of 2,800 Texans in the Amarillo Public Auditorium that he would act fast. "I was born and raised . . . almost at the end of the Chisholm Trail," he said. "It is not strange that I have hurried here . . . We are not going to wait until the last cow has starved to death until something is done. Something is going to be done now." The President assured his hearers that he would act promptly on emergency recommendations of Agriculture Secretary Benson and the governors. As he climbed back

THE CONGRESS

Ike Gets His Way

Once the Administration had battered down the roadblock set up by House Ways & Means Committee Chairman Dan Reed (TIME, July 6), the battle to extend the excess profits tax for six months was won. Last week Ways & Means sent an extension bill to the floor. During the five-hour debate, Virginia's Democrat Howard Smith compared the Administration to a highwayman who says: "Now give me your wallet. I know I ought not to do it . . . but I need the money, and I give you my solemn assurance . . . I will never do it to you again." Smith's sally drew laughs, including a hearty peal from Dan Reed. But when the vote came, it was an overwhelming 335 to 77 for extension.

So one-sided a vote on so hard-fought an issue showed how far Congress is will-



DROUGHT STATE GOVERNORS*

Albert Fenn—Lia

On the parched plains, a visitor born near the Chisholm Trail.

into his plane, the President had a word of regret for Texas: "I'm sorry I didn't bring any rain."

At his press conference in Washington, Ike Eisenhower stepped nimbly through a maze of questions about everything from German unity (he believes it the key to European peace) to state primaries (he doesn't think he should interfere in them). On the prospects in Korea, he said that no one can foretell exactly how things are going to come out. On the burning question of books overseas: he had asked the Department of State and the International Information Office to work out a program in conformity with his own views; a policy statement would be released later the same day (see below). On atomic information: he thought the time had arrived when the American people must have more information on this subject if they are to act intelligently; the present law is outmoded.

ing to go with Dwight Eisenhower once he clearly and firmly leads the way.

Other doings on Capitol Hill last week:

¶ A Senate-House conference weighed fatter (Senate) and leaner (House) versions of 1954 foreign-aid appropriations, agreed on a difference-splitting \$5.1 billion—\$1 billion less than the Administration requested. This week both houses passed the measure.

¶ The House Ways & Means Committee, moving two ways at once on foreign trade, reported out and sent to the House 1) an Administration-backed customs simplification bill, and 2) a protectionist bill, sponsored by Pennsylvania's Republican Richard Simpson, that would, among other things, impose tight quotas on oil imports and stiffer duties on lead and zinc imports.

* From left: Oklahoma's Murray, Kansas' Arn, Texas' Shivers, Colorado's Thornton.

THE BUREAUCRACY:

Servant or Master?

Everybody knows about the Eisenhower Administration's struggles with members of Congress. Perhaps more important in the long run is a hidden struggle inside the executive branch of the Government. This is not the too-familiar rivalry between presidential appointees; the Eisenhower Administration, so far, has been remarkably free of high-level backbiting. The significant struggle is the quiet war of the President and his appointees to get control of the vast governmental machine, manned by civil servants (and military men) who operate under protective rules designed to keep them partially independent of their nominal bosses.

The permanent establishment of the Government is not supposed to make policy. But it does. It is even more influential in strangling efforts by political appointees to change the quality and direction of Government and to make new policy.

A few figures reveal what Eisenhower & Co. are up against: out of 2,300,000 people on the federal payroll (exclusive of armed forces), the Eisenhower Administration has succeeded in appointing fewer than 2,500 of its own men, and by no means all the 2,500 are in key jobs. In the 1,200,000-man Defense Department, there are less than a score Eisenhower appointees.

The U.S. public is conditioned to read into this situation the old conflict of patronage-hungry politicians against the merit system. That conflict does exist, and the Administration would have an easier time with Congress if it had some more jobs to dole out.

But the patronage drought is relatively a very minor factor in the present struggle. Far more important is the question of whether the men who bear the constitutional and legal responsibility for running the executive branch will, in fact, be able to get into their hands the power to run it. Eisenhower promised the people reduction in the cost of Government, decentralization of power, a stronger and more coherent foreign policy and a more efficient defense policy. Whether he succeeds or fails in these promises depends largely, perhaps mainly, on his ability to get control of the permanent establishment.

Reform at a Price. In the first few decades of U.S. history, Cabinet officers hired their staffs without restriction, took credit or blame for the results. With the rise of political parties and patronage officials began to distribute jobs with an eye more to party spoils than to the nation's business.

As Government services grew more important and more complex, protests arose against the quality of public employees produced by the patronage system. After 20 years of agitation, the Pendleton Act of 1883 established a merit system of appointment for some Government employees. Steadily, but very slowly, the merit system spread within the U.S. Government. Its next sensational gain was made under Theodore Roosevelt, but even at the end of his Administration, little more than 60% of federal civilian employees had civil-service protection. Herbert Hoover extended it further until at the end of his term about 80% of employees were covered.

The New Deal found a bureaucracy well-entrenched, but there was little conflict between this group and Roosevelt's top political appointees. As the New Deal vastly expanded the scope and power of Government, thousands of civil servants gained rapid promotion. At the same time, much of the New Deal's business was transacted in new agencies which were staffed without competitive civil-service examinations. By 1936, only 60% of Government civilian employees had entered Government through competitive civil-service tests. Many of the 40% were patronage appointments, and most of them were New Deal enthusiasts. World

War II brought another huge wave of Government employees who did not win their jobs competitively.

The Truman Administration took a series of steps which blanketed this expanded bureaucracy under civil-service protection against firing. It is one of Harry Truman's fondest boasts that he extended civil-service protection to more Government workers than any other President. When Truman left office, at least 95% of Government civilian employees had civil service or similar protection of tenure.

Inertia in the Mass. The typical civil servant will not deliberately defy or sabotage clear orders from above. But, in the complexity of modern government, clear, sensemaking orders cannot be written from above without willing cooperation below. In the present state of the U.S. Government, the wafer-thin layer of political appointees at the top has great difficulty swinging the massive organization beneath. A Republican administration with considerable experience in business and Government administration describes the inertia that faces many an Eisenhower executive: "He wants to do something that in business he would handle by a phone call or a letter. He calls in his Government help to tell them about it. First thing, they say it can't be done, or it can't be done the way he wants to do it. The reasons why not are likely to be complicated. When that has happened to him half a dozen times, he starts feeling 'My God, you can't do anything.' He starts lashing out blindly."

Nobody wants to end or to impair the merit system, without which modern government could not be conducted. But the merit system was never advocated or defended as an influence (mostly negative) on policymaking or a brake upon change. What Eisenhower's aides are seeking is enough leverage over the permanent establishment to restore to the responsible officials the power to carry out their policies. All reforms have their price, and the price now exacted by the merit system is too high. The price can be reduced without damage to the essentials of the career service.

More Leverage. To this end, the President recently issued two executive orders dealing with what the civil service calls Schedule A employees: men who hold Government jobs of a confidential or policymaking nature.* Schedule A was originally established to give Government executives a freer hand in hiring and firing top assistants, and these essentially political employees did not possess the job security enjoyed by regular civil servants. In 1947, Harry Truman signed an order giving most of them the equivalent of civil-service protection. In April, Eisenhower partially undid Truman's work by ordering that top bureaucratic policymakers (about 800) be stripped of their job security. Last month, in a further return to the *status quo ante* Truman, he decreed that all nonveterans who held full-time Schedule A jobs (nearly 54,000) should thenceforth be subject to dismissal at the will of their bosses.

Wholly aside from the fact that many of the "careerists" are in fact patronage-appointed Democrats, no civil service ever cooperates efficiently with a Government dedicated to cutting expenses, and no Government dominated by a civil service was ever notable for making clear, forceful, coordinated top policy.

These were the characteristics of the last years of Truman. They will also characterize the first years of Eisenhower unless he gets the civilian career service—and the Pentagon—under control.

* Not all Schedule A men are actually policymakers. Over the years, Schedule A has also become a catchall for people who do not fit into the regular civil-service merit system, e.g., Coast Guard lamp-lighters, Hindi interpreters.

INVESTIGATIONS

Joe's Bloody Nose

Like most successful rough & tumble fighters, Senator Joe McCarthy always presses in, and is adept at forensic kneeling, gouging and butting. As a consequence, most of his senatorial colleagues give him a wide berth. But last week, when he set out to defend J. B. Matthews, executive staff director of his subcommittee, McCarthy finally gave his critics in both parties a wide and irresistible opening. They jumped him en masse, and Fighting Joe did not get up from among the cuspidors until he had the legislative equivalents of a split lip, a bloody nose and two black and shiny eyes—the first such clubbing he has taken in 6½ years in the Senate.

McCarthy managed to make a spectacular brawl of it, even though Doctor Matthews had made himself virtually indecipherable by charging, in the *American Mercury*, that "the largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus in the U.S. today is composed of Protestant clergymen" (TIME, July 13). A longtime McCarthy collaborator, Matthews has been feeding Joe information and suggestions perhaps as far back as McCarthy's first out-on-the-limb blast at Communism in the State Department, made at Wheeling, W.Va. in February 1950. Matthews has been a member of what Westbrook Pegler calls "our cell of Red baiters," a group with which McCarthy also mingled. "It is not an organized group of Red baiters," Pegler has explained. "[But] Mr. Matthews is an amateur cook . . . He cooks a meal and we go down and . . . take part in a small, festive evening."

When members of the seven-man subcommittee demanded that they be allowed to vote on firing Matthews, Joe refused and coolly announced that, as chairman, he and he alone had the right to hire and fire committee employees.

Highhanded Stand. It was a shrewd if highhanded stand; by long precedent the chairmen of Senate committees do hire and fire employees. But it is also understood that they get the consent of other members. Aware of this, Fighting Joe back-pedaled a step or two: he agreed to drop Matthews, in return for the promise of Michigan's Republican Senator Charles E. Potter to go along with McCarthy's claim to sole control over committee employees. That got all three Republicans back on McCarthy's side again.

With McCarthy's future control of the staff thus assured, the subcommittee's three Democratic members, Senators Henry ("Scoop") Jackson, Stuart Symington and John McClellan, resigned from the committee in a body, charging that they had been put in the "impossible position of having responsibility without . . . authority." The Senate's Democrats were backing them. The Democratic leadership made it plain that they would not be replaced until McCarthy mends his ways. The Democratic boycott would not keep the subcommittee from functioning, but

might expose its conclusions to increased criticism.

Meanwhile, for the first time, Virginia's powerful and respected Senator Harry Byrd delivered a pointed attack on McCarthyism. "Mr. Matthews," he said "should give names and facts to sustain his charge or stand convicted as a cheap demagogue, willing to blacken the character of his fellow Americans for his own notoriety and personal gain."

Still Swinging. President Eisenhower also took the offensive against McCarthy, although not until after McCarthy had decided to fire Matthews. The President received a strong anti-Matthews telegram signed by the Rev. John A. O'Brien, Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath and Dr. John S. Bonnell of the National Con-

THE ADMINISTRATION

Burning Question

The process of picking the year's hottest and most controversial articles of export—books consigned to 184 U.S. Information Service libraries in 65 foreign countries—seemed to be getting back on a reasonable basis again last week. After five months of bitter argument, set off by Senator Joe McCarthy's enraged discovery that Communists and fellow travelers were among authors represented in the overseas libraries' 2,000,000 volumes, the State Department issued a hard definition of future policy.

The new policy statement declares:

1) The overseas library program is pursued to maintain good will and protect



CHAIRMAN MCCARTHY & SUBCOMMITTEEMEN*
After a spectacular brawl, a diversionary attack.

George Stoddard—Lia

ference of Christians and Jews.* In strong terms, Eisenhower expressed his agreement with this group. "Generalized and irresponsible attacks that sweepingly condemn the whole of any group of citizens," he wrote, "are alien to America . . . When [they] condemn such a vast portion of the churches or clergy as to create doubt in the loyalty of all, the damage to our nation is multiplied . . ."

None of this meant that Joe McCarthy was on the skids, or even groggy. In the midst of the fight over Matthews, in fact, he set the Administration's teeth on edge with a diversionary attack in another direction; he implied a threat to investigate Communism in the supersecret Central Intelligence Agency. Though bloodied, especially by the news to Wisconsin voters that the President was willing to speak out against his patronage of Matthews, Joe was still swinging as the bell ended his worst round.

* For other news of the Rev. John A. O'Brien, see RELIGION.

the good name of the American people abroad.

2) Selection of any particular book should be made with an eye toward its usefulness in meeting the particular needs of a particular area.

3) Content is the important thing. It is conceivable that a book by a Communist author should be put on the shelves if it serves the ends of democracy.

4) The U.S. Government has no obligation to include books which directly or indirectly advocate the destruction of our democratic freedoms and institutions.

5) Controversial books are acceptable, but there is a distinction between controversy and conspiracy.

6) Book selection should be based on the recommendation of advisory committees composed of persons (none yet named) of "unimpeachable reputation."

The new policy abandoned two points forced into use by McCarthy: a directive

* Standing: Senators Potter & Symington. Seated: McCarthy, McClellan & Jackson.



SECRETARY DURKIN
Tired of waiting.

issued in February which forbade use of any material by Communists or fellow travelers, and a directive in March which forbade even the works of "controversial persons."

The new policy was issued by Dr. Robert L. Johnson, director of the State Department's International Information Administration. Shortly after completing it, Johnson resigned—not because of political pressure but because of ill-health.

C.I.O. Out

Of all the Eisenhower Cabinet officers, Labor Secretary Martin Durkin has had the hardest time getting a team together. The department's new solicitor, ex-Congressman Harry Roubin, died of a heart attack 39 days after he was confirmed. His post and three other top-level jobs remained open until last week.

Cause of the delay was ex-Pipefitter Durkin's wish to get a C.I.O. man in one of the Labor Department's three assistant secretaryships. When C.I.O. President Walter Reuther nominated Labor Lobbyist John Edelman for Assistant Secretary in charge of labor standards, A.F.L. man Durkin okayed him. But the White House, sounding out senatorial opinion on Edelman, found that several Republican Senators were dead set against approving a man who had been a Socialist, then a New Dealer, then a Fair Dealer. Result: stalemate. The White House never submitted Edelman's name to the Senate; Reuther stubbornly refused to submit any other name to Durkin; Durkin held off submitting other names to the White House. The awkward silence dragged on for months, while rumors drifted about that Durkin was ready to resign in disgust.

Finally Durkin got tired of waiting, decided to go ahead without a C.I.O. representative. Fortnight ago he sent the White House four nominations:

¶ For Assistant Secretary in charge of

labor standards, instead of Edelman: Harrison Clayton Hobart, 64, an assistant grand chief engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and a self-styled "rock-ribbed Republican."

¶ For Assistant Secretary (international labor affairs): Spencer Miller Jr., 62, adult-education specialist, president of the union-sponsored International University in Springfield, Mass.

¶ For Assistant Secretary (manpower): Milton M. Olander, 52, industrial-relations director of Toledo's Owens-Illinois Glass Co., and onetime member of the Wage Stabilization Board.

¶ For Solicitor: Stuart Rothman, 39, St. Paul lawyer, specialist in public housing.

The White House promptly passed three of the four names along to the Senate. The fourth nominee, Olander, was stricken with last-minute doubts about whether he wanted the job after all. Last week the Senate Labor Committee approved Rothman, and quick approval of Hobart and Miller was in prospect.

If Olander backs out, Durkin will probably look for another businessman to fill the post. In any case, there is no longer a Labor Department vacancy waiting for the C.I.O. Of the C.I.O. brass, Durkin says hopefully: "They know I tried."

THE VICE PRESIDENCY Let Dick Do It

John Adams, the first Vice President of the U.S., was sure he occupied "the most insignificant office that ever invention of man contrived." When Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for the post in 1900, he wrote that he had been "forced to take the veil." Woodrow Wilson's two-term Vice President, Thomas Riley Marshall ("What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar"), often told a story about two brothers: one was elected Vice President, the other ran away to sea; neither was ever heard of again.

Richard Milhous Nixon, the 36th Vice President of the U.S., also takes a modest view of his job. "Vice Presidents should be seen and not heard," he says, and during his six months in office the public has heard him seldom indeed. When 1954 congressional elections draw near, he will stump for Republican candidates, but meanwhile he wants to remain inconspicuous. He turns down all offers of paid speaking engagements (at fees up to \$2,500 a session), keeps his press conferences off the record, abstains from public pronouncements.

Handshakes Across the Sea. But while avoiding the public ear, Nixon has quietly made himself an exceedingly useful Vice President. Besides performing his ex-officio functions of presiding over the Senate (a highly important job in a Senate that is exactly 50% Republican) and attending the weekly Cabinet and National Security Council meetings (he presides in the President's absence), he has taken on numerous unofficial chores. He fills in for the President at ceremonial and social functions, serves as greeter for all sorts of

visitors, from high-school kids to foreign chiefs of government.

Last week the White House announced that Nixon will do some handshaking abroad next autumn: "[He] will visit the Far East and South Asia... accompanied by Mrs. Nixon and representatives of the Department of State... to become acquainted with leaders of the countries visited, to hear their views, to gain first-hand impressions, to carry the sincere greetings of [the people and President of the U.S.]. Among the stops tentatively planned: Korea, Japan, Formosa, Indo-China, the Philippines, Indonesia, Siam, possibly India and Pakistan.

Vein of Iron. Nixon's most important unofficial task is liaison between the White House and Capitol Hill. To that chore he brings six years' experience as Representative and Senator from California. He tries to explain and sell Administration policies to individual Senators and Representatives, smooth ruffled congressional feathers, build up good will for the Administration. Much of his diplomacy is conducted at the breakfasts he holds for groups of Congressmen. Still fairly young (40), Nixon pays particular attention to the younger men in Congress.

One of his continuing problems is Investigator Joseph R. McCarthy. Among Nixon's missions last week was warning McCarthy against subpoenaing Central Intelligence Agency officials (see above). Temporarily at least. Troubleshooter Nixon got his point across.

Nixon's earnest, unsung diligence has won him a lot of respect, even among people who not long ago were damning or disparaging him. Last week the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*, once ferociously anti-Nixon though pro-Ike, editorially conceded it might have been wrong in thinking that the country would get "awfully tired" of the "mawkish" and "dis-



VICE PRESIDENT NIXON
Feathers to smooth.

Walter Bennett

agreeably pushing" Vice President: "Some better stuff in Nixon than we recognized took command . . . With iron discipline, he seems to have dedicated himself to quiet, patient and unseen aid and comfort to his chief and his party . . . Perhaps in the end it will be generally conceded that the President knew his man when he said, 'He's my boy.'"

POLITICAL NOTES

Never Again

When Harry Truman announced that he would not be a candidate for President in 1952, many a politico guessed that he would be back in Washington again anyhow—perhaps as a U.S. Senator, or even as a Congressman from Missouri. At times, Truman himself acted as though he were

RECREATION

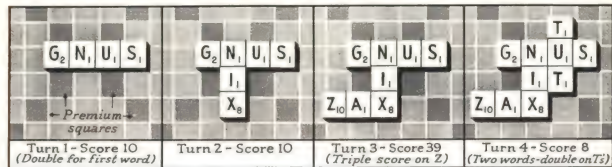
Gnus Nix Zax—Tut

In the dusk of many summer evenings, for the quiet time when television cloyed and the children scuttled in chase of the Good Humor man, an ever-growing slice of the U.S. public has found a new diversion. Its name: Scrabble. Its components: a board with 225 squares, 100 small wooden counters bearing letters of the alphabet, two to four players, ability to spell (or a handy dictionary) and a few ounces of competitive spirit.

The emergence of Scrabble has been volcanic and unexplained. The game began to grow into a national institution last year, when shipments shot from 1,436 sets in the first quarter to 37,000 during the last. Devotees quickly carried their

Scrabble starts easily, but by the time the board is well covered, the addition of one letter usually involves trying to form two well-nigh impossible words. It is then that dictionaries are consulted and frustrated word-coiners denounce the rigidity of the English tongue.

How It Started. Scrabble was invented in 1933 by a New York architect named Alfred M. Butts, a man who has never enjoyed the game as fully as others because he is an indifferent speller. Butts and his wife played the game through the '30s and '40s, and made some 500 sets for their friends and the odd purchaser, but they never put it on the market. In 1948 a social worker named James Brunot took it over and invented the name "Scrabble" (dictionary meaning: "to scrape, paw or scratch with the hands or feet"). He and



TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

genuinely attracted by the idea of spending his remaining years as a member of the "greatest legislative body in the world," and he consistently refused to deny that he might re-enter political life. Last week, on his way home from New York City, after five months of savoring the joys of retirement, he told a group of Indianapolis reporters: "I'll never be a candidate again."

CALIFORNIA

A Nice Point of Law

The police of Long Beach, Calif. had no doubt that Arta Christiansen died by her own hand. After threatening suicide at least half a dozen times during her one year of married life with House Painter Oswald Christiansen, she spent the evening at a bar, then went home and took a .22 rifle out of a closet. She asked Oswald to load the gun for her, and he promptly did so. She told him what she was going to do. "You haven't got the guts," he said. Then & there, she proved him wrong.

After Arta's funeral last week, cops arrested Christiansen under a state law that makes it a felony to abet a suicide. But a California court had declared such a law unconstitutional. There is no California law against suicide itself. Asked Deputy District Attorney Ted C. Sten: "How can a person be guilty of a felony as the result of aiding and abetting a deed which is not contrary to law?"

At Sten's order, the police let Christiansen go, a free man.

word-of-mouth advertising through the U.S., from the first coterie in New York and the North Side of Chicago. Scrabble clubs have convened all over the country, and potential buyers of sets (cost: \$3 apiece) solemnly put their names on long waiting lists. Hostesses serve a Scrabble board along with the after-dinner coffee, and shiny markers with *Az* or *Zio* inscribed are popping up on rural porches and in transcontinental trains.

A Rigid Tongue. What is Scrabble? It is a game, its defenders say, that combines the cerebrations of anagrams and crosswords with the competitive joys of such older indoor sports as Monopoly and Parcheesi. A player gets seven counters in the draw, each with a letter and a number. The numbers relate to the letters' frequency of use. The five vowels count only one point each, while "Z" counts ten. A player moves by spelling out a word on the board, and his score is the numerical value of the counters plus the value of any premium squares on the board, e.g., hitting a blue square can double or triple the value of the letter used.

The next player must build another word on the original, but only in such a way that every combination of adjoining letters which he makes forms some word. Short, recondite words like *gnus* and *zax** (see diagram) have a habit of appearing.

* But not recondite to accomplished Scrabblers. *Gnus* are African antelopes, *nix* is accepted dictionary slang for "nothing" or "I don't allow," a *zax* is a sharp-pointed tool used in roofing, *tut* is a mild chiding exclamation.

his wife started making the games themselves in a small workshop at Newtown, Conn. Six months ago, unable to keep up with the burgeoning demand, they licensed a game-manufacturing company, Selchow & Righter, to bring out Scrabble sets on a mass-production basis.

KENTUCKY

Mint-Flavored Mickey

Kentucky's Governor Lawrence W. Wetherby exhibited truly remarkable restraint last week in the face of provocation calculated to send him and his state's entire electorate into at least the milder manifestations of apoplexy: the Vicksburg Chamber of Commerce not only claimed that the mint julep was originated in Mississippi, but that Kentuckians never heard of it until both the recipe and the mint had been transplanted there by a bourbon-drinking boatman. But though Kentucky's governor spoke softly, he did not fail to slip Mississippi a mickey.

"I thought," said he, "that we were at peace, Kentucky with the mint julep and Mississippi with the planter's punch. Kentucky has never questioned Mississippi's glorious heritage as the originator of planter's punch. That drink is not without merits, either. It is made of rum, and rum is made of molasses from the sorghum cane that Mississippians revere as we Kentuckians love the billowing bluegrass." He paused. "It is," he concluded, "highly palatable in emergencies and an excellent mosquito repellent at all times."

NEWS IN PICTURES



U.S. Navy—United Press

COMMAND SHIFT: Admiral Arthur W. Radford (left), new J.C.S. chairman, takes salute

on carrier as he turns over Pacific Fleet to Admiral Felix B. Stump (center) at Pearl Harbor.



FLOOD VICTIM: Young South Korean girl, huddled in makeshift cloak, wades through knee-deep water covering farm home. Torrential rains up to four inches a day caused rivers below Seoul to overflow, destroying vital crops on thousands of acres in South Korea.

International



FLASH FIRE, racing through New Hampshire farm, brings fire fighters on the double. Luckily, most of farmer's 20 milk cows were safely out to pasture and others were rescued from blazing barns, but fire destroyed two calves, 100 chickens, and seven buildings worth \$35,000.



COWED COWPOKE, Bob Fisher, of Neutral Hills, Alberta, hugs the ground after being thrown from jolting Brahma bull at the annual Calgary Stampede. Though 1,900-lb. bull hit Fisher with forefoot and tried to gore him, cowboy escaped serious injury when rodeo clowns distracted beast's attention.

Canadian Press



Automated Press

WAR IN ASIA

TRUCE TALKS

Agreement

This week, seemingly beyond reasonable doubt, a Korean armistice was imminent. The U.S. had outlasted South Korea's Syngman Rhee in the battle of wills. And the Communists appeared so tremulous for a truce that their anxiety stood out on them almost visibly—like drops of sweat.

Dwight Eisenhower's troubleshooting Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson published a joint statement with Rhee, in which the substance of agreement was hidden under an amiable flow of words. Apparently this was done to save Rhee's face, i.e., to screen the mani-

Said Robertson later: "The United Nations Command now can go ahead and sign . . . I have confidence that President Rhee will carry out his commitments. He has promised not to obstruct an armistice now or in the post-armistice period." It is understood that Rhee will take no action of his own for approximately six months—that is, until three months after the start of the political conference. In return, the U.S. promised South Korea substantial economic aid, and a security pact (with the explicit understanding that it requires Senate consent) to go to Rhee's aid if the Communists start something.

Back to the Hut. Meanwhile, the Communist truce negotiators came scrambling back to Panmunjom to see what the U.N.



ROBERTSON & RHEE
Amiable words and private assurances.

fest fact that he had been backed down. Excerpts: "Our two governments are in agreement in respect to entering into a mutual defense pact, negotiations for which are under way. We have likewise discussed collaboration along political, economic and defense lines, and our conversations have disclosed a wide area of agreement concerning these matters. In particular, we wish to emphasize our determination to work together for the realization . . . of our common objective, namely a free, independent and unified Korea . . ." None of this formally committed Rhee to anything, but Robertson was said to have private assurances from Rhee in writing that he would not try to go it alone, or impede a truce.

"Go Ahead & Sign." After 17 arduous days in Korea and 14 meetings with President Rhee, Robertson met reporters on the clipped green lawn of the U.S. embassy in Seoul, poured himself a stiff drink of Scotch and parried questions,

had to offer in the way of guarantees. At the first meeting since Rhee liberated the anti-Communist North Koreans last month, the truce hut was stifling hot. The U.N. delegates fanned themselves with memo pads, and mopped their faces with soggy handkerchiefs; the Reds simply sat and sweated in their heavy uniforms. The proceedings were secret. The first session lasted only three minutes, but it was followed by another longer one, and by a third next day. A truce, if all went well, was probably still another week away.

In dealing with Rhee, the U.S. strategists and their emissaries had avoided two unwise extremes: 1) trying to remove stubborn old Syngman Rhee by a coup; 2) surrendering to him and going on with the war. They had proceeded on the assumption that Rhee would change his tune when he saw that no amount of guile or obstruction on his part would swerve the U.S. from its goal. Apparently Rhee became convinced,

THE ENEMY

The Pied Piper of Peking

As the Dutch steamer *Tijlshah* sailed from Singapore for China last week, 1,150 yelling, wild-eyed Chinese stood on her decks, pelting dock police with fruit and garbage. The rowdies were "Nanyang" (South Sea) Chinese students from Malaysia and Indonesia.

More than 10 million Chinese are scattered through Southeast Asia. Their loyalties are mixed. Since 1949, Peking agents have moved in, set up newspapers and front groups, grabbed control of most of the Chinese schools. Indonesian-born parents complain that the Red teachers teach their children that loyalty to country—meaning Red China—is higher than loyalty to family. Red teachers openly urge their students to go to China to join the fight against the "brutalized Americans." Then other agents appear, offering students passports and steamship tickets.

A trickle of Chinese youth started moving northward in 1951. Last year Peking offered 2,300 scholarships to Nanyang students, padded the offer with promises of high-salaried government jobs after graduation. The trickle increased to a flood. In the past year, more than 9,000 Malaysian Chinese and several thousand Indonesian Chinese have gone.

Peking is wooing the students for two reasons: they are young enough to indoctrinate, and they represent a means of getting at the tremendous wealth of the Nanyang. Warn the British in Malaysia: "The moment educated youngsters get into institutions in China, they will be writing 'home' for more and more money." The British in Malaysia are so suspicious of the return traffic from China that in the past year they have barred 2,103 Chinese, more than half the applicants, through many are wives or children of Chinese in Malaysia.

The Numbers Racket

First there was the big "Five-Antis" campaign of last year. Since then, Peking propagandists have been adding a bewildering list of numerical sins to the jargon of Communism, alongside "commandism," "dispersionism," "taifism," and kindred diseases. Not to be outdone, the Tientsin financial and economic department confessed that it was beset by the "Four Know-Nots": not knowing what its officials were doing, not knowing the amount of capital invested in public enterprises, not knowing losses & gains, not knowing the amount of cash on hand. Last week the Peking *People's Daily* proclaimed a new self-criticism campaign, labeled: "The Five Too Many." The Five: "Too many tasks, too many meetings, too many documents and forms, too many organizations and too many concurrent posts for cadres." In some localities "another too-many has been added—too many check-up teams."

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

Purge of the Purger

[See Cover]

Down Sadovaya Boulevard, a wide, busy thoroughfare in north Moscow, sped a detachment of Soviet tanks and truckloads of soldiers. The time was 5 p.m., the day June 27. Such sights are rare in Moscow, and foreign diplomats noted the movement with interest.

At the Bolshoi Theater in Sverdlov Square that evening, the great red and gold curtain rang up on a new opera called *The Decembrists*, a propaganda piece about a rising of military officers in 1825, at the outset of Czar Nicholas I's reign. The Soviet Union's finest vocalists were on the stage, but opera was not the evening's sensation. Glancing towards the great state box, which dominates the glittering dress circle of the Bolshoi, the audience saw that it was impressively occupied. Sitting there, impassive, iron-mouthed, unsmiling, were the supreme leaders of the Soviet Union, some in the dark cloth of civilian office, others brilliantly bedecked.

The unannounced appearance of the Soviet leaders at the Bolshoi was one of their rare public demonstrations of solidarity since the death of Stalin. Counting the heads, the audience found one missing; the cruel, slyly epicene face of Lavrenty Beria, first deputy chairman of the Council of Ministers, chief of the Ministry of Internal Affairs (police), boss of atomic energy, was not among those in the state box.

Next morning, Moscow newspapers reported the visit of the great to the Bolshoi and carefully listed the twelve leaders present. The name of Beria was not mentioned; there was no explanation of his conspicuous absence.

Foreign ambassadors, including the U.S.'s Charles Bohlen (who had been denied admittance to the performance), passed the news on to their governments; foreign correspondents filed briefly. Rumors about Beria ran round Moscow, but there were no hard facts. Some recalled that Beria lives with his family in the posh Sadovaya district, in the direction the tanks headed—but so do many other Soviet leaders. U.S. Ambassador Bohlen asked Washington for vacation leave, and flew off to Paris, on the way to Majorca.

Behind the Scenes. Unknown to the foreigners at the time, and to all but a few Russians, a plenary session of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party was held ten days later, somewhere in Moscow. On this committee sit Russia's 200 mightiest Communists, men with great rank and great fears. They gathered to hear the most significant news since Stalin's death 93 days before: the struggle for power among the Kremlin's titans had begun.

It was suety Georgy Malenkov, the Premier, who got to his feet before them.

to put the finger on Comrade Beria. This trusted man, said Malenkov, had committed "criminal anti-party and anti-state actions, intended to undermine the Soviet State in the interest of foreign capital." How had his criminality been manifested? In "perfidious attempts to place the U.S.S.R. Ministry of Internal Affairs above the government and the Communist Party."

The power to make the charge was the power to make it stick. Did any of these feared and fearing men challenge Malenkov, demand to know what evidence there was to sustain so grave a charge, or rise to Comrade Beria's defense? The subsequent communiqué said only that the Central Committee had decided to expel

sidium. One of Communism's great wolves had fallen, and the lesser wolves were tearing at his carcass. Reported Tass: "Speakers at the meeting spoke in wrathful indignation of the foul enemy of the party and the Soviet people—the international imperialist agent Beria," and the audience cheered.

The official party newspaper *Pravda* laid down the indictment: Beria 1) had been using the MVD (secret police) "against the party and its leadership and against the government . . . by selecting workers of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of personal loyalty to himself"; 2) had "impeded decisions on the most important and urgent problems concerning agriculture . . . with a view to undermining



Sovfoto

BERIA, STALIN, MALENKOV

Where was the missing man on the night of June 27th?

Beria from the party as "an enemy of the people."

A few days later, the 33-man Presidium of the Supreme Soviet met, formally removed Beria from his state and ministerial jobs, and ordered him to trial before the Soviet supreme court. The charge: treason.

The Wolves. None of this was made public at the time; but on July 6, the day before the Central Committee's meeting, the government newspaper *Izvestia* curtly remarked that a Soviet leader, who was not paying proper attention to Communist theory, was going to find his days of authority numbered.

The public naming of names waited for a meeting of the Moscow district of the Communist Party last week. In the marble Hall of Columns in the House of Unions, once a nobleman's club, 2,000 party members heard Nikolai Mikhaliov, Moscow district party leader, read out the communiqués of the Plenum and the Pre-

sidium. One of Communism's great wolves had fallen, and the lesser wolves were tearing at his carcass. Reported Tass: "Speakers at the meeting spoke in wrathful indignation of the foul enemy of the party and the Soviet people—the international imperialist agent Beria," and the audience cheered.

The Façade. *Pravda's* accusation, appearing 13 days after the tanks rumbled down Sadovaya, brought the first news to the Russian public. In Moscow, long lines of people formed at the newspaper kiosks; some paused to read their newspapers in the street, which is unusual in Moscow. Others crowded around the wall newspapers. Then they went stoically about their business. It was a warm, sunny day. Moscovites who were not working went picnicking, and the swimming places on the Moskva River were crowded. Moscow's Kick Torpedo soccer team played the Kiev Dynamos, lost 3 to 1. The diplomatic corps met at the Argentine embassy for evening cocktails, chatted amiably with Andrei Vishinsky, who had been summoned from his Long Island mansion at the end of May. To prepare a new

purge trial? Diplomats wondered, but, of course, no one put the question to smiling, casual-seeming Prosecutor Vishinsky.

The news of Beria's downfall reached the outside world in a dawn broadcast from Radio Moscow, followed by an official Tass announcement. Then the speculations began. **PURGE DECIDES POWER BATTLE FOR MALENKOV**, headlined the *Detroit News*; **MOLOTOV RISES AS PURGE PERILS MALENKOV**, headlined the *New York World-Telegram*, which later front-paged, **BERIA FALL OPENS NEW POSSIBILITIES FOR WORLD PEACE**. Said the *New York News*: **BERIA'S BOOTING COULD MEAN WAR—GRUENTHER**. Warned the good grey *New York Times*: **NO CHANGE IN POLICY SEEN**.

Diplomats the world over interpreted

hand of Soviet justice should mercilessly punish this freak deviationist." Said girl Plasterer Tamara Demicheva in *Evening Moscow*: "It was with enormous indignation and wrath that we, the youth of the University construction project, learned of the repulsive activities of the despised hiring of foreign people."

But Associated Press Correspondent Eddy Gilmore, just out of Moscow after a twelve-year stint, had a more realistic picture of Russian feeling: "It is as clear as the face on the Kremlin clock that throughout the Communist world tonight party members from the highest to the lowest feel the terrible hand of political terror clutching at their necks. The enormity of Mr. Beria's disgrace is an ines-

(Bolshevik) Party. He worked underground, was jailed by the post-Czarist government of Azerbaijan, released on the plea of Russian Ambassador Kirov, after which he joined the Cheka (secret police) and took an active part in overthrowing the governments of the Transcaucasian republics and their forcible incorporation in the Soviet Union.

In many details, Beria's official origins run parallel with those of Stalin, a co-incidence historians regard with suspicion, for it was as a faker of history that Beria first came to Stalin's favorable notice. In 1935, Beria wrote a pamphlet glorifying Stalin as the hero of the Bolshevik struggle in Transcaucasia. False in almost all of its particulars, it made Stalin a hero without fear and without reproach, provided many phony arguments against Trotsky and other factions opposed to Stalin's extension of personal power.

Beria's benefactor, Kirov, had been sensationally murdered about this time, and the Soviet Union was on the verge of a political bloodbath. The instrument of the purge set off by the Kirov assassination was Genrikh Yagoda, a leather-capped roughneck who was then head of NKVD (successor to the Cheka). Yagoda did a thorough job and, in due time, he got his reward: he was charged, like thousands of his victims, with being an enemy of the people, imperialist spy, etc. Yagoda was the third of the great cops, following Felix Dzerzhinsky, the lean, cat-eyed Polish aristocrat, who lies buried in the Kremlin wall, and Vyacheslav Menshinsky, another Pole, who invented the great show trials of 1936 (Vishinsky prosecuting) and was himself later done in.

Yagoda, showpiece at a great public trial, confessed (after due treatment in Lubyanka) that he had planned a "palace coup," but denied that he was an imperialist spy. In court he cracked: "If I had been a spy, dozens of countries could have closed down their intelligence services—there would have been no need for them to have maintained such a mass of spies." He was executed, and replaced by Nikolai Yezhov, a madman who carried on the slaughter to the point where millions of Russians were dead or jailed. Yezhov, often styled "the beloved pupil of our leader and teacher Stalin," had his own group of pupils, among them a fat, pallid young man named Georgy Malenkov. After two years in office, Yezhov disappeared. His successor: Lavrenty Beria.

Benevolent Exterior. With his pince-nez and some carefully cultivated propaganda about his being a pianist and a profound student of architecture, Beria brought an air of respectability to the secret police, which had become almost unmentionable, so greatly was it feared. The whole apparatus of the NKVD was reorganized. Thousands were released from the prisons and the story put about that this was Stalin's (and Beria's) clemency, and that the real instigators of the purge had been Yagoda and Yezhov. Beneath this relatively benevolent exterior, Beria turned the NKVD into the most ruth-



MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE (MAY DAY, 1953)
A fortnight to prepare the masses.

the event in the light of their own problems. Said Secretary of State John Foster Dulles: "A new convulsion is under way . . . Inherent weakness is disclosed." British Foreign Under Secretary Anthony Nutting called it "the dividend of our strength." In Bonn, Adenauer's rivals saw Beria's fall giving them an edge in the coming elections. In Yugoslavia, Tito's henchmen saw it as proof "that the Kremlin was introducing Titoism into the satellites." In India, Beria's fall was seen as justifying Nehru's thesis that Peking cannot be controlled by Moscow forever.

The Real Stage. Foreign comment, even in the Communist press, measured the event in terms of its possible effect on foreign policy; but the real stage and the most important audience was the Soviet Union. The reason for the delay in announcing Beria's arrest was soon apparent: the masses had to be prepared. Mass meetings were now being held throughout the Soviet Union. *Pravda* in hand, party workers and activists were haranguing the workers and peasants. Lesser party members quickly picked up the line. Said the director of Moscow's Hammer & Sickle factory: "We . . . demand that the severe

capable reminder that, but for fate, they might be sitting where he is."

Where was Beria sitting? Said Gilmore: "Unless the formula has been changed, Beria, high chieftain of the Soviet secret police, sits in one of his own cells in Lubyanka prison. . . . Oddly enough, that is where Mr. Beria has his own office. I have seen him entering and leaving many times. He would get out of his black car and, with policemen on either side and others leading the way and bringing up the rear, disappear into the depths of the place." Where were Beria's bodyguards on June 27? Was he indeed still alive? What was the meaning of his arrest, and what would be its effect? There were more good questions than good answers. But something of what went on could be measured by a look at Beria's position and actual powers.

Grand Guignol. Joseph Stalin had no friends, but there were always sycophants around him, and the longest-lived of all of them was Lavrenty Pavlovich Beria. Like Stalin, Beria was born in the Transcaucasian state of Georgia. The record says that he came of a poor peasant family in the Sukhum region. At 18, he became a member of the Russian Social Democratic



EX-POLICE CHIEFS DZERZHINSKY, MENSHINSKY, VEZHOV AND YAGODA
None ever outlived his job.

less and extensive police organization the world has ever known.

It was Beria who expanded the slave camps and exploited the labor of prisoners in the interest of the state, a system which developed to the point where, cautious students of Russia estimate, not less than 15 million people are forcibly engaged. He also developed the military arm of the NKVD, creating a force of something like 15 divisions of elite troops, resembling Hitler's SS. He extended the system of informers to embrace every institution, factory, farm and, indeed, every building in the Soviet Union. Within the party itself he had spies watching spies, reporting back to the NKVD and through him to Stalin. His operatives followed Trotsky to Mexico, killed him there. When Germany attacked Russia, Beria's police system was Stalin's organizational strength. Stalin made him one of the five members of the State Defense Committee (the others: Stalin, Malenkov, Molotov, Voroshilov), and Lavrenty Beria was at last in the very top Soviet leadership. After the war, as the fortunes of Malenkov and Molotov fluctuated, and Voroshilov showed signs of age, the legend grew that Beria was the man closest to Stalin, his most trusted confidant and protector.

Political Force. Stalin put him in charge of Soviet atomic development. His great contributions: 1) information gathered by his spies in the U.S. and Britain from Fuchs, May, Pontecorvo, the Rosenbergs *et al.*; 2) uranium mined by his prisoners and impressed workmen in East Germany, Czechoslovakia and, probably, Arctic Siberia. While the Cominform's Andrei Zhdanov was making the most noise about eastern Europe, Beria quietly stepped down from his police job (now a full ministry, the MVD) and took over the organization of the satellite countries, the consolidation of the Soviet Union's own republics.

Under his direction, whole populations were moved from the border areas to regions deeper in Russia. The great prison administrations of central Siberia took in millions of foreign deportees, then dispersed them to distant parts of the Soviet Union, later—with the characteristic switch to benevolence—parceling them

back to their own countries. The countries were often grateful. It was a technique Stalin and Beria had learned through experience. Then he returned to the MVD and became Minister of Internal Affairs.

Beria gained the reputation of being an icily cold political boss, an intellectual. But there is nothing in any of his speeches or writings to suggest more than a mediocre mind. He played stooge to Stalin's grim sense of the comic. At a dinner in which Stalin sat between Tito and Beria, Stalin turned to Tito and asked: "How many people did you kill in your revolution?" While Tito was fumbling for words, Stalin turned to Beria: "And how many did you kill in our revolution?" Said Beria calmly: "Three million."

Though a marshal of the Soviet Union, he seldom wore a uniform and he usually stood a step or two to the rear in public gatherings, a stout man with a flat hat pulled down over cold, darting eyes. On

his 50th birthday (in 1939), he was awarded an Order of Lenin, with a citation as fulsome in its praise of him as he had so often been in praise of Stalin, concluding: "We wish you, our comrade in arms, our dear Lavrenty Pavlovich, many years of health, of further fruitful work." He was probably the second most hated man in the Soviet Union.

The first hint that all was not well with Lavrenty Beria was the arrest last January of nine Moscow physicians on charges of having brought about the death of Cominform Director Andrei Zhdanov (in 1948) and Sovinform Boss Alexei Shcherbakov (in 1945) and of plotting to destroy Soviet leaders, meaning—although he was not named—Stalin. The Ministry of Internal Affairs was held to have been culpable. For a while it looked as though Beria might follow Yagoda and Vezhov.

Contracting Power. Stalin, who may have been sufficiently troubled by ill health, and thoughts of his own death, to believe the story about the Kremlin doctors and assent to their arrest, died on March 5. Five months before, at the 19th Communist Party Congress (called suddenly—the first in 13 years), he had set up his succession. He spread the power: the twelve-man Politburo was replaced by a 25-man Presidium, the 71-man Central Committee widened to take in 125 full members and 111 nonvoting members. The day after Stalin's death an official announcement reduced the Presidium to ten, with five alternates. A few weeks later a new party and state organization, narrower than that planned by Stalin, took shape. As Premier and chairman of the Presidium of the Central Committee, Malenkov was nominally boss of the party and government.

In his funeral oration over Stalin's bier, Malenkov announced "a policy of international cooperation and development of business relations with all countries, a policy based on the . . . possibility of the prolonged coexistence and peaceful competition of two different systems, capitalist and socialist." Beria in his funeral oration promised that "the government will solicitously and incessantly guard [the people's] rights written in the Stalin Constitution," urged "an intensification



KRUGLOV & MOLOTOV
The tradition was upheld.

of vigilance" against enemies who hope that "the heavy loss inflicted on us will lead to disarray and confusion."

Then followed the succession of carefully controlled gestures of easing up: 1) an amnesty, signed by Voroshilov, for short-term prisoners; 2) foreigners held in Soviet prisons on espionage counts were released; 3) retail prices were reduced on 125 categories of consumer goods; 4) the Ministry of Internal Affairs announced that the doctors' plot was a frame-up, freed the doctors who had been unjustly tortured; 5) a year-long purge in Georgia was ended with the appointment of a new Premier and new party secretaries; 6) the Communists in Korea announced that they were ready to make important concessions to get a truce; 7) in Austria and in East Germany there was a switch from military to civilian control; 8) the unexpected and damaging June 17 riots in East Germany were followed by confession of error and a promise to make life easier for East Germany; 9) in Latvia and the Ukraine, Communist Party shake-ups took place.

The Extent of Power. Because many of these events involved police action, or its withdrawal, they were attributed by foreign observers to Beria. But if the charges made against him last week are to be accepted, it would seem now that Beria's activity was restricted to the shake-ups in Georgia, Latvia and the Ukraine and the freeing of the doctors. The fact that the general "softening" of Soviet policy has continued since his arrest (including the most sweeping relaxation of all, in Hungary) would indicate that he was not its author. Was he against it? The answer is immaterial. There is nothing in the record, or in the accusations against Beria, to indicate that his fall resulted from anything but a power struggle within the Kremlin.

The liberties and favors showered on Beria by Stalin created the impression among outsiders that Beria was all-powerful in his Ministry of Internal Affairs. But an old killer like Stalin was not the kind of man to turn over such power to another. Evidently, a super-police apparatus channeled directly from Stalin to key control points in the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Such an apparatus was already created in the Orgburo and the Party Control Commission, by which Stalin organized himself into power after Lenin's death, and which later became a department of personnel in the Kremlin. Only such an apparatus could have arrested and destroyed former police chief Yagoda. From being dossier clerk to Yezhov, the young Malenkov is said to have graduated to secretarial head of this tidy personnel department. He may well have inherited the apparatus after Stalin's death.

Sensing that his number was up, and knowing that no Soviet police boss has ever outlived his job, Beria may have tried to build himself a citadel in Georgia, or even to have effected arrests among top party members. No outsider can yet judge

how extensive was his control in his ministry, except that it was not sufficient to protect him. That a detachment of tanks and soldiers probably backed up the arresting officers does not necessarily indicate army interest; his own elite secret police formations have that much armor. Beria at the key moment could not control his own ministry. Malenkov was emerging as the actual, as well as the nominal, head of party and state.

Who in the Ministry of Internal Affairs prepared Beria's arrest? If the tradition of the service holds, it may well have been his successor: clam-faced Colonel General Sergei Nikiforovich Kruglov, long a liaison man between the ministry and



EN-PROSECUTOR VISHNINSKY
The charge was treason.

the Kremlin. At Yalta and Potsdam, Kruglov set up the protection screen which surrounded the Big Three,* was one of the very few who had free access to Stalin's quarters. At the San Francisco Conference, turned out in a blue serge suit and broad-toed shoes, he was Molotov's bodyguard. Although Kruglov's police career dates from 1938, the year Beria took over, and he has always appeared to be a Beria man, the Central Committee Presidium (Malenkov) was clearly in no doubt about where his loyalty lay, although Beria may have been.

In *Pravda's* chilling announcement, in which the words "the great Stalin" were mentioned only in the concluding paragraph, Malenkov's name was mentioned not at all. The fiction of anonymity persists. Great play was made with another phrase: "The collectivity of leadership is the highest principle of the leadership of our party [and] corresponds to the well-known statement of Marx on the harm of . . . the cult of personality." To which a

* And thereby won the U.S. Legion of Merit and the Order of the British Empire

skeptical reader of Russian rhetoric might answer: "All leaderships are collective, but some leaderships are less collective than others."

Ambitious Patience. By "democratic centralism" within the Communist Party, Lenin had hoped—not very optimistically in his last days—to prevent a continuance of a personal dictatorship like his own. Rising to power by subterfuge and maneuver, Stalin destroyed every man of stature within his reach, at the same time paying vociferous lip service to "democratic centralism." Those he gathered around him, conditioning themselves to his homicidal suspicion, were small men, menials like Molotov, sycophants like Beria. Conscious of this, Stalin looked for successors among young party members, built them up to temporary power and fame, as often knocked them down. Such a man was Georgy Malenkov—with a difference. More subtle than the others, possibly more intelligent, he learned how to wait, how to accept demotion and be silent; learned, in fact, the lesson of Stalin's own ambitious, patient youth.

There is some reason to believe that Malenkov may have fallen out of Stalin's favor in recent years; but it was already too late for the old dictator to choose and train a younger man. Had he calculated, in his last frantic seeking for a successor who would not throw away all he had won, on a balance of power? Was that what was meant by "collectivity of leadership"? In the milieu of bloody totalitarianism—his own creation—such an arrangement seemed like the product of a failing mind. Nothing was to keep so smart and faithful a student of the Stalinist method as Georgy Malenkov from eliminating one, two or ten thousand men in his way.

In all the millions of words of speculation about Beria's fall, some of the most cautious and sensible were to be found in a British intelligence appraisal prepared for Prime Minister Churchill. Its conclusion: the rule of oligarchy in Russia (*i.e.*, "collective leadership") is disintegrating; the struggle for power is between bosses, not between clear-cut factions like the party and the police. The police apparatus, which survived the destruction of previous bosses, is now in Malenkov's hands.

In India, a Hindu politico put it more vividly: "Whenever a great Mogul ascended to the throne in ancient India, he killed all his brothers and cousins because of fear that they might challenge his position. Russia's rulers are only following this bloody custom. Malenkov has begun the massacre of all Stalin's potential heirs."

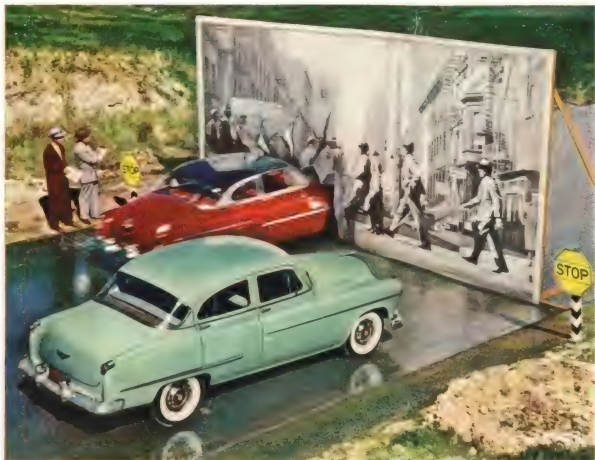
GREAT BRITAIN

The Princess & the Hero

Britons were touched and some were shocked by the news: their favorite princess, Margaret, is in love.

This time the news had the ring of authenticity. It was not the story of a glittering princess who had found her Prince Charming in the fairyland of Mayfair, but of a girl whose increasingly sober

He stopped in time with Resist-a-skid Tread! And only the All-Nylon Cord Double Eagle has it!



This luckily, was just a test. Both cars in the test were driven at the same speed, brakes were applied at the same point. Only the tires were different.

If you had been driving the car on the left (and if that screen had been live people), somebody would have been hurt. But the car on the right was equipped with Double Eagles, with the high-traction Resist-a-skid Tread. It stopped in time.

The All-Nylon Cord Double Eagle gives

greater safety against blowouts, too. All-Nylon cords make the Double Eagle $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 times as strong as premium tires made with standard cords.

We call this tire the Plus-10 Double Eagle because it is superior in 10 important ways. But with all these advancements, it costs only about 5% more than premium tires made with rayon.

See this tire at your Goodyear dealer's now. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

America needs better, safer roads. Let's bring them up to PAR.

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GOOD YEAR


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for the Four Roses you're offered today is the finest that has ever been bottled.

face in the newspaper pictures seemed to reflect a deeply troubled heart. The fact was that 22-year-old Margaret was in love with a battle-of-Britain hero of the R.A.F., a divorced commoner of 38. Family loyalty, religious responsibility, the duty of royalty—all seemed warring with the romantic impulse in the pretty princess' heart.

Unnoticeable. It was understandable that the gossips had overlooked slim, personable Group Captain Peter Woodbridge Townsend, D.S.O., D.F.C., even though his picture had been appearing in the papers alongside Margaret for years. The gossip columnists who had long sought to probe the secrets of the princess' heart simply forgot the Holmesian precept that the most easily overlooked clue is often the most obvious one. As a royal equerry and deputy master of King George VI's household (appointed in 1944 when Margaret was only 14), he had the constant duty of accompanying the royal family in all its lighter moments. Group Captain Townsend rode with the princesses, escorted Margaret to parties, flew her planes in air races, played canasta with the Queen, and by royal command enlivened many a gathering at Sandringham or Balmoral with his quick wit and boyish charm. He was, moreover, a securely married man who lived with his wife and two sons (the youngest of whom is the late King George's godson) in a "by grace and favor" cottage on the grounds of Windsor Castle. If the younger princess found him delightful, too too did her mother and her sister, Elizabeth. Margaret and Philip were frequent and informal guests at the Townsend cottage. Even after Townsend last year brought the breath of scandal close to Windsor by divorcing his wife for adultery, the Queen Mother let it be known that she would soon make him head of her private household at Clarence House.

Early this summer, Princess Margaret told her sister, the Queen, that she wanted to marry the airman. Soon afterward, Elizabeth II began to sound out her ministers on the possibility of amending the Regency Act in such a way as to ease the restrictions on Margaret's marriage.* Meanwhile, the true state of the young princess' heart remained a family secret. Last June, when U.S. newsmen descended on London for the coronation, the secret popped out with a bang in the tabloid *New York Daily News*.

Unthinkable. The first reaction of Britain's press to the *Daily News*' story was that such a romance was "quite unthinkable," but by last week Britain's press and public were in debate over the most controversial royal romance since that of Ed-

* Under the present act, Princess Margaret—as the first adult in the line of succession—would become regent (i.e., acting Queen) for Prince Charles at Elizabeth's death or incapacity. As such, she would continue to be an important political figure until Charles, now 4, becomes 18. If the act were changed (as Elizabeth wishes) to make Philip the regent, Margaret would become merely another heir (the third in line) to a throne she is not likely to ascend.



MARGARET & QUEEN MOTHER IN AFRICA
A troubled heart.

ward VIII and Wally Simpson. IF THEY WANT TO MARRY, WHY SHOULDN'T THEY? demanded Lord Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express*, an old champion of Edward's romance. But the austere *Church of England Newspaper* shook a stern finger. Princess Margaret, it warned, "is a dutiful churchwoman who knows what strong views leaders of the church hold in this matter . . . The thought of the religious principle concerned might cause to some the very deepest suffering."

Meanwhile, to gain time to test the

course of true love and to test the public's response, Group Captain Townsend was posted off to an embassy sinecure in Brussels. On tour in Southern Rhodesia with her mother, Princess Margaret complained of a cold, was ordered to bed by her doctor—a heart specialist.

Rising Butler

In a sampling of its 4,500,000 readers, Britain's largest tabloid, the breezy London *Mirror*, asked what Tory they wanted to succeed Churchill if Churchill should retire. Results: Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, 50.36%; Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard Austen ("Rab") Butler 35.5%. "The striking feature of the poll is the solid measure of support for Mr. Butler," observed the *Mirror*. "Even two years ago his name would have meant little to the public." A Gallup poll taken last April confirmed the *Mirror*'s observation. Then the result was: Eden 64%; Butler 8%.

SYRIA

99.6% Yes

Syrians went to the polls last week to elect a President and endorse a new constitution which, in form at least, resembles that of the U.S. There was only one candidate: Strongman Adib Shishkely. And to make sure that the voters knew exactly where to put their crosses, the polling was held in public, with police and troops acting as ushers. Result: Shishkely got 99.6% of the votes, and the new constitution was overwhelmingly approved, even though its freedoms will not come into full force until Syrians develop more "political sophistication."



GROUP CAPTAIN TOWNSEND
A Holmesian clue.

FRANCE

Positively

In the unconvertible style of William Tecumseh Sherman's "I will not accept if nominated, and will not serve if elected,"* France's genial President Vincent Auriol, 68, last week put a crisp end to rumors that he would seek a second seven-year term this fall. "I will not be a candidate for my own succession, either in the third round of voting or the two hundredth," he said.

The Outsider

Like many of his countrymen, the serene old peasant Pierre Talabard nursed a deep and lifelong distrust of all that exists beyond the confines of his 37-acre farm in the Allier, 200 miles south of Paris. He worked the rich soil on which he was born 63 years ago, hid what little money he possessed under his mattress, and left the farm only rarely, to stand in silence while his ruddy-cheeked wife Louise haggled with some neighbor over the sale of a family calf. Pierre's distrust of the outside world was in no way softened when, three years ago, his half-witted daughter Marie-Hélène went to a dance in the nearby village and got herself with child. "L'idiote," the neighbors used to cry as Marie walked her fatherless baby girl along the country roads.

Nevertheless, it was a stranger, a shiftless young wayfarer named Jean Sigot, who offered Farmer Talabard a way out of his difficulty. A jobless 19-year-old who had scraped acquaintance with Marie at another dance, Jean magnanimously offered to marry Marie in return for work

and a permanent home at the Talabard farm. Old Pierre leaped at the offer, and the pair were married in April 1952.

Conference. The marriage was something short of idyllic. At the village café Jean was soon telling new friends that Pierre was a stingy old miser and Marie a homely, stupid wench whom he had only married in order to get her farm. Farmer Pierre shook his fist and swore that his son-in-law was a lazy good-for-nothing. "Someday," replied Jean, "I'm going to walk out on you, but before I go, I'm going to burn down your filthy farm."

Two months later, at harvest time when Jean announced that he had got a job as a dishwasher in a summer resort hotel at Vichy, twelve miles away, and would take Marie with him, Pierre called his wife and daughter into conference. "We have to remove him," the old peasant announced. Out of a cupboard he took an old revolver. But the cartridges were duds. "Let's stab him in the belly," Pierre suggested. It was finally agreed that the deed should be done with a shotgun, and that Marie-Hélène should take the blame—for, as Louise told her husband: "You are too busy with the harvest, and I have to look after the cows."

Confession. On the night of Aug. 8, Jean got back late from Vichy and crept into bed with his wife. Pierre entered their room, gripping his shotgun. Marie slipped out of bed, Pierre fired. The first shot fractured Jean's shoulder. "You're crazy!" Jean shouted, but a second shot silenced him forever. Next day, Pierre bicycled to the local barber shop, got a shave and a haircut, then went to the police station and reported calmly that his daughter had just killed her husband. The gendarmes, when they got to the Talabard farm, handed Marie the shotgun and asked her to fire it. She did not even know how to hold it. Warily, Louise

confessed the truth: it was Pierre who had done the shooting.

Last week a jury of farmers in the town of Moulins heard Pierre tell how his victim was "no good for our farm . . . He ate too much and worked too little." They were very understanding when it came to the verdict: ten years for mother Louise, as the brain of the plot, seven for Pierre for doing the shooting, and five years for poor, simple-minded Marie-Hélène.

IRAN

Shock Treatment

And lo! The phantom caravan has reach'd the nothing it set out from.

—Omar Khayyam

Teheran's "informed public," the students and the intellectuals, the swarming bureaucracy, the editors and the tea-shop sages, were feeling depressed. It was not the heat: one could always take a bus to the cool foothills of the Elburz Mountains, or sit beside a pool in a garden nightclub and watch the moon glide across the sky. It was not business: apart from the standstill import trade, business was fair. It was not politics, the capital's favorite indoor & outdoor sport. What really bothered Teherani was the growing realization that the West no longer seemed to care so much what happened to them: having just about exhausted its supply of sympathy, patience and surprise. It was particularly disconcerting, for example, to shout "Yankee go home" at some passing American and to hear him reply, "Of course, tomorrow."

The newspapers tried to keep up the pretense. They wrote as if the Big Three conference in Washington was really called just to force the British imperialists to lift their oil blockade; it was learned from "travelers approached unofficially in Europe" that the U.S. would soon have new proposals for the nation to spurn. Premier Mossadeq, alas, knew better, and as a result was laid up for a "three-day rest." He had got Eisenhower's firm rejection of his plea for "effective economic assistance" (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). Cried one of his aides: "If Churchill himself had written it, he would not have used stiffer or sterner phrases."

For two years Mossadeq had refused to deal with the British, sure that the U.S. would back him in the end, if only to save Iran from the Russians. Now, the Eisenhower Administration had come around to the thesis that further economic aid would only postpone Mossadeq's inevitable day of reckoning. Angriely, the pro-government newspaper *Khabar* cried: "We can see dirty hands stretched out from under a Point Four cover trying to rule us by dollar . . . The U.S. must know that we won't allow Yankees to take the evil British place." Extremists would surely demand a break with the West and an approach to the Soviet Union. The U.S. was taking a risk. But there was some hope that Eisenhower's shock treatment might bring Iranians to their senses.

* General Sherman was even more explicit in a letter to James G. Blaine: "... I would account myself a fool, a madman, an ass, to embark now, at 64 years of age, in a career that may at any moment become tempestuous."

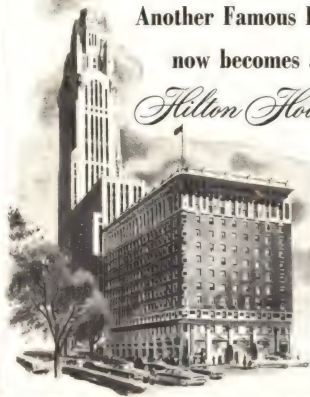


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MALAYA

A Most Exceptional Case

A wing commander of the R.A.F. in Malaya brought Mrs. Elizabeth Parsons the news: her airman husband, Flight Lieut. D. R. Parsons, had just been killed in a bombing strike on the Malayan Communists.

That night, Elizabeth Parsons had a few drinks to calm her nerves, and an R.A.F. doctor gave her sodium amytal as a sedative. Shortly after 9 o'clock, she went into the rooms where her two sons, Darryl John, 23, and Edmund, 4, lay sleeping. Later, the wing commander and his wife found her standing in the bathroom, clad in a sarong, with her slashed wrists bleeding into the bathtub. "I have planned it a long time," said Mrs. Parsons. "If one of us went, the other would not live. I have killed my children. We loved him so much, and you know how much he loved us. He would be so frightened if I did not get to him quickly. . . . I couldn't leave my babies behind. . . ." At the hospital, doctors stitched up Elizabeth Parsons' wounds, but she tried to stab herself to death with a safety pin.

Last week Elizabeth Parsons, an attractive, auburn-haired woman of 28, sat in the assize court of Penang, on trial for the murder of her children. She was the first white woman to go on trial for her life in Malaya since the famous case 30 years ago which Somerset Maugham dramatized in *The Letter*. To a jury of three Britons, three Chinese and a Sikh, the crown prosecutor outlined his case. "This is not common murder," said he, "but a most exceptional case. There is no motive here. It is a tragedy, and your reaction must be one of pity, but you must not let this feeling overcloud your reasons." Elizabeth Parsons, with one wrist still wrapped in bandages, sat with bowed head as her counsel strove to prove that she had been in no condition to know what she did, or that what she did was wrong.*

The R.A.F. doctor who administered the sodium amytal conceded that, administered in conjunction with alcohol at a time of emotional unbalance, it could have "an unusual effect." Another doctor testified that such a dose could well have left her incapable of knowing what she was doing.

"I didn't at any time think of killing my children," testified Elizabeth Parsons. "But I remember I stabbed Darryl."

* The classic insanity defense under the 110-year-old M'Naughten Rules, named for a Scot who in 1843 tried to kill British Prime Minister Sir Robert Peel, and killed Sir Robert's secretary by mistake. The defense pleaded that M'Naughten was under the delusion that he had a grievance against Sir Robert. M'Naughten was found insane, and acquitted. Shortly afterwards, the famous Rules were formulated; they provide that "every man is presumed sane, and to possess a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes": to prove otherwise, it must be shown that at the time of the crime he did not "know the nature or quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he was not aware he was doing what was wrong."

Prosecutor: What about Edmund?
Mrs. Parsons: I cannot remember anything except cleaning his face when blood came out of his mouth.

Mrs. Parsons gripped the dock rail tightly as the verdict was read; not guilty because of unsound mind at the time of the crimes. R.A.F. wives wept.

SOUTH AFRICA

Friend in Need

The coronation of Queen Elizabeth and the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers evidently made an impression on the crusty old doctor of divinity who attended as South Africa's representative. Back in Cape Town last week, 79-year-old Prime Minister Daniel Malan, D.D., surprised the House of Parliament with this flat statement: "The Commonwealth gives



DANIEL MALAN

The resemblance was purely temporary.

us the greatest freedom we could wish for. . . . He even cited India's example to prove that South Africa could become a republic (as his Boer Nationalists insist) without leaving the Commonwealth.

Never before had Daniel Malan sounded so much like his ancient enemy, the late, great Jan Christian Smuts. But the resemblance was purely temporary. When the opposition United Party sought a pledge of continued Commonwealth "membership," Malan said no. Instead, he would assent only to South African "cooperation" and under these conditions: ¶ That the British stop criticizing South Africa's "domestic affairs," i.e., race segregation.

¶ That there be no "indiscriminate expansion" of Commonwealth membership to non-white countries like the Gold Coast and Nigeria.

¶ That India stop "blackening South Africa's good name" in the U.N.

Next day the old Prime Minister at-

tended a government luncheon honoring his Australian opposite number: Prime Minister Sir Gordon Menzies, homeward bound from London. In a thinly veiled warning to Commonwealth colleagues India and Pakistan, Malan told the world that South Africa "stands for the security of white civilization and Australia stands for a white Australia. The day may come when . . . the same powers in the Indian Ocean that suggested that the white man must quit Africa might be knocking on the door of Australia. . . . When Australia needs a friend, we shall be there."

Dismembers of the Wedding

Five thousand excited Pondo and Gaika tribesmen put on their best feathers one day last week and poured into the Great Place, the Royal Kraal of Paramount Chief Archibald Sandile of Gailaland. They gathered for the greatest social event in the history of the tribes: the wedding of Chief Sandile's son, Anthorpe, to Eunice, daughter of Paramount Chief Victor Poto Mdamase of Pondoland.

But on the heels of the tribesmen came a deluge of uninvited guests: more than 3,000 gawking whites from nearby East London (pop. 76,000) arrived in a raucous parade of cars, buses and lorries. They elbowed their way into the kraal, streamed through Chief Sandile's house as though it were a wax museum. When the bride, covered from head to foot in a ritual green blanket, approached the Royal Kraal, the whites charged toward her, blocking the entrance. The bridegroom, waiting anxiously for a first look at the bride he had never seen, could see only the shouting throng of the uninvited.

The embarrassed bride knelt before the Gaika elders to pay homage, and was almost tumbled to the ground by an over-enthusiastic camera bug. Then, draping a leopard skin about her shoulders, she picked up an assagai (spear) to fling it into the Royal Kraal gatepost—the traditional demand for admission to the Gaika tribe. The jam of whites spoiled her aim: she missed. Bridegroom Anthorpe, in a long leopard skin, gave up in disgust and returned to his dressing room. Not for another hour did Anthorpe confront his bride. At an open-air altar, flanked by the mayors of nearby cities and other distinguished guests, the Bishop of Grahamstown tried to perform the Anglican marriage ceremony. But a gaggle of more than 70 camera-bearing whites crowded the honored guests off their chairs, knocked over the Communion wine, tore the altar backcloth, left empty Coca-Cola bottles on the altar-cloth. Above the altar, someone raised a huge billboard exhorting all present to smoke Commando cigarettes.

It was three hours before Anthorpe and Eunice were made man and wife. Bridegroom and bride struggled through the crowd to the seclusion of Chief Sandile's house. The whites streamed back to the cities, leaving the Gaika and the Pondo tribesmen to ponder on the strange customs and manners of white people.

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THE HEMISPHERE.

CANADA

Cool Campaign

Canadian Author Bruce Hutchison once remarked that "Canadians, a sub-arctic species, like their politics cold." Last week, in an atmosphere of cool calm, Canadian voters were in the process of deciding between two honorable gentlemen for their next Prime Minister. Election day is Monday, Aug. 10.

Intent on extending the Liberal Party's string of four consecutive victories and 18 years of power is Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, 71, who succeeded William Lyon Mackenzie King as leader of his party and nation in 1948. St. Laurent was using an old and effective campaign



PRIME MINISTER LOUIS ST. LAURENT
In cool and calm.

technique. He traveled around the country making unemotional speeches, talking to schoolchildren like a wise old grandfather, mentioning with pride the accomplishments of his government, but abstaining almost wholly from campaign promises. With a powerful, entrenched party behind him, his own unmatched personal popularity, and an enviable record of producing both social services (e.g., old-age pensions, baby bonuses) and budgetary surpluses, St. Laurent could probably afford his leisurely air of benign self-confidence.

Challenger's Punch. What heat and light the campaign has generated were mainly to the credit of George Alexander Drew, 59, a handsome lawyer who resigned as premier of Ontario in 1948 to become national leader of the run-down Progressive-Conservative Party. Drew held his own seat in the crashing Tory defeat of 1949, then started chopping away at the party deadwood. He rebuilt

the Tory machine around a cadre of enthusiastic young conservatives in and out of Parliament. Drew himself studied French so he could make a personal appeal to Quebec's voters in their own tongue.

Opening his campaign in his home town of Guelph, Ont. last month, Drew took the challenger's initiative, swung hard with a 16-point manifesto—his party's most cohesive statement of policy in recent years. Among its points: a national low-cost housing plan; a contributory health-insurance program; "without introducing state medicine"; a revised system of farm price supports; a \$500 million tax cut without harming national defense. He also charged the government with laxity in ferreting out Communists in government and defense jobs, saying "We are not going to make our country a privileged sanctuary for people trained in Moscow to carry out their activities here."

Champion's Parry. In Vancouver, B.C. last week, Prime Minister St. Laurent replied with a 12-point election program which he called "an appeal to reason and good sense." He pledged his party to continue the pay-as-you-go financing scheme under which Canada has, since 1946, decreased the national debt and, except in '50 and '51, reduced taxes. Otherwise, he promised little beyond the continuance of current policies.

Canadian political campaigns traditionally generate a gentlemanly head of steam toward election time, as the rival candidates slug it out for votes in the nation's populous heartland of Ontario and Quebec, where 160 of Parliament's 265 seats will be decided. Last week a Canadian Institute of Public Opinion poll reported that, of voters expressing a preference, 47% were pro-Liberal, 30% pro-Conservative. But the Liberals apparently have lost ground in Ontario, and some Tories, recalling last year's U.S. elections, professed to sense a "time-for-a-change" ground swell in their favor.

Air Defense Test

For three days last week, major cities on both sides of the U.S.-Canadian border and on both seacoasts were under theoretical air attack by jet and piston-powered bombers of the U.S. and Canadian air forces. Ground observers were alerted and fighter squadrons ordered to scramble to the defense of their zones. Operation Tailwind, involving some 1,600 aircraft and thousands of ground personnel, was the second major test of the continent's northern air defenses. Unlike last year's Exercise Signpost, it produced no fatal accidents. When the enormous amount of data from written reports and the photographic records of gun cameras has been assembled and analyzed, experts will write a top-secret report evaluating the readiness of North Americans to defend themselves against sneak attack.

Pushbutton Logging

Amid national excitement over gushing oil wells, ore-rich mines, expanding factories and mammoth power projects, many Canadians tend to forget that their biggest industry is still based on the nation's trees. The output of Canada's pulp and paper industry last year hit a walloping \$1½ billion. In domains now pushed clear up into Arctic watersheds, the industry pays more workers more wages, and operates on more invested capital than any other business in Canada. But in the new Canada the venerable giant, in pace with headlong progress, has gone streamlined.

Gone are the legendary *draveurs* who, jeering at death as they twirled long pole



CONSERVATIVE LEADER GEORGE DREW
With heat and light.

poles like batons, rode great logs down white water to the mills. In Quebec's 325-mile-long St. Maurice River valley, scene of the world's biggest log drive each year, the treacherous rapids have disappeared. Tamed by six major power dams, the turbulent St. Maurice has subsided. The romantic log drive of old has given way to a largely mechanized operation.

This week the "sweep" or cleanup stage of the drive was ready to begin on the lower St. Maurice. At some dams, main gates were wide open. Snorting diesel tugboats spasmodically shoved log masses through the sluiceways. Helped along by current and wind, the *coeur de bois* (i.e., "heart") of this year's 770,000 cords of pulpwood slowly moved toward the St. Lawrence.

Boss of the lower river for the three companies that combine St. Maurice operations is tough, Norway-born Steinar Jensen, 52. The wood drifts into his halliwick at the town of La Tuque. Aided by ingenious, mechanical sorting gaps, Jensen's



Patapar likes.

WET JOBS

If moisture is a problem and rules out ordinary papers—whether it's in packaging or some other project—it will pay you to investigate Patapar Vegetable Parchment. This surprising paper is completely undaunted by moisture. It can be soaked for days and never lose its strength and attractive appearance.

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If you need a grease-proof paper, Patapar takes care of that requirement, also. It resists penetration of fats, grease and oils.

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From painting by Georgina de Albuquerque
PRINCESS ISABEL AND STATE COUNCILORS
For a Golden Law, a golden rose.

men will drop it off at the proper owners' mills—yellow-daubed four-foot logs for Brown Corp., swastika-stamped four-footers for Consolidated Paper, twelve-footers for Canadian International Paper.

Once, the sweep meant breaking up log jams with axes or dynamite. Today, logging's storybook excitement and din is again lost to unspectacular efficiency. If wood piles up behind rocks, or wanders high and dry up on the river bank, Jensen will casually ignore it most of the summer. At length he will signal the gate-tenders of the great Gouin Reservoir at the St. Maurice's headwaters. Switches will be flicked. A flood of extra water will dissolve the jams and rush the beached wood along on its interrupted journey. Pushbutton logging is here to stay, but the dead yesterday of whiter water, bigger jams, geysers of dynamited wood, is still recalled fondly by a few oldtime *draveurs*. Murnured one, with fine contempt: "Today, it's like picking flowers."

BRAZIL

The Redemptress Returns

As the Brazilian cruiser *Almirante Barroso* nosed past Sugar Loaf into Guanabara Bay last week, jet planes circled in the sky and shore batteries roared a royal 21-gun salute. On the cruiser's fantail, beneath the old imperial colors,* lay two oak coffins. They contained the remains of Princess Isabel of Braganza and her French consort, Gaston Count d'Eu. Brazil was honoring a national heroine, the princess who freed the slaves.

* In 1808 the Portuguese royal family, fleeing Napoleon's army, moved to Brazil, their largest and richest colony. After the French had been driven out, King João returned to Portugal, leaving Crown Prince Pedro (Isabel's grandfather), as regent. Rising nationalism persuaded the prince to declare Brazil independent and himself its Emperor Dom Pedro I in 1822.

Isabel won the eternal devotion of her people on a sunny Sunday afternoon, May 13, 1888, when with a gold pen set with diamonds and emeralds she signed the shortest law in Brazil's history. It read: "As of this date, slavery in Brazil is declared extinct." It was a great triumph for the plump, fair-haired young princess, then acting as regent for her absent father, Emperor Dom Pedro II. In ten days, after she had reformed the cabinet, she pushed the emancipation bill through the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. Commoners and courtiers joined in celebration, but the princess' ousted prime minister sardonically predicted: "She has freed a people, but she has lost a throne."

Isabel's humanitarian act, bitterly opposed by conservative coffee and sugar planters, soon brought on a disastrous economic crisis. Crops rotted in the fields as freed slaves abandoned the fazendas. Within a year the crowded cities faced famine, and the army deplored the royal family. Princess Isabel died at her husband's chateau in France in 1921.

In 1938, on the 50th anniversary of the "Golden Law," as the emancipation act became known, President Getúlio Vargas decreed that the princess' remains should be brought home. The outbreak of World War II delayed the project, and almost 15 years passed before Vargas was back in office again. When the cruiser *Barroso* sailed for the British coronation ceremonies, it afforded an opportunity to bring the princess home in state.

Last week her bones lay in Rio's cathedral, where she was baptized and married. At the foot of her coffin lay the rose of solid gold awarded her by Pope Leo II after she had signed the Golden Law. For three days Brazilians of all colors, free men all, passed in mournful procession. Said the rector of the University of Brazil: "Greater than the empire she lost was her title, Isabel the Redemptress."

QUICK FACTS about NORTHWEST RESOURCES



POWER: Northwest potential is 38 million kilowatts. Grand Coulee Dam now supplies 1.8 million kw. from the Columbia River. Garrison Dam on No. Dakota's Missouri River will begin producing 400,000 kw. by 1955.



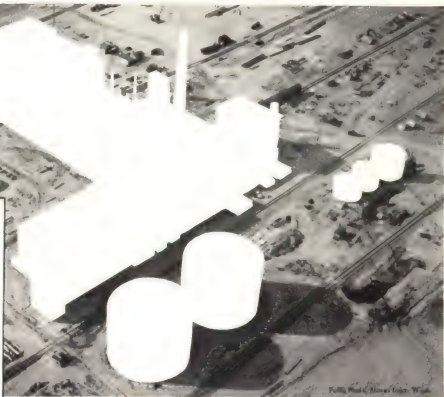
WATER: One geodetic station measures the Columbia River flow at over 1.4 million gallons per second. Other rivers—Missouri, Snake, Clark Fork, Yellowstone, Yakima and Deschutes total 700,000 gallons per second.



RAW MATERIALS: Williston Basin is a spectacular new oil and natural gas area—210 producing wells in Montana and North Dakota. Northwest supplies 37% of U.S. timber; over 32 valuable metals and minerals.



LAND: In 7 Northwest states, NP has over 2 million acres available for development. 15,000 firms are now leasing sites from this railroad. NP technical advisers offer help with building requirements and property improvements.



This building site is located on NP trackage in the Columbia Basin near Wheeler, Washington. Under construction here is a new Utah & Idaho sugar refinery, being built to serve what will be a million-ton yearly sugar beet crop when irrigation is complete. Other Columbia Basin predictions: over 150,000 population, 2,868 retail stores, 520 wholesalers, 282 manufacturers, 3,642 service businesses.

Will your plant fit in here?

What's your business? Food processing, refining, distributing, oil, lumber, chemicals, plastics, metals or machinery? All of those industries—and more—today are staking their claims to the rich and varied resources of the vast Northwest.

Since 1948 more than 500 new businesses have moved in lock, stock and smokestack along our railroad, the Main Street of the Northwest.

To serve them—and all 596 Northern Pacific towns and cities—has kept us

hustling. New diesel engines, new freight cars, the crack North Coast Limited—all are speeding along on stepped-up schedules. More improvements are just around the corner. Keep your eye on N.P.!

Will your plant fit in the growing Northwest? For detailed information, write or phone J. E. Thames, General Manager, Industrial Properties, Northern Pacific Railway, Dept. T, St. Paul 1, Minn. Phone Cedar 7773. Inquiries, of course, will be held in confidence.

INDUSTRY IS MOVING TO Main Street of the Northwest



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In the base of the nipple of this new nursing unit is a thin disk of U.S.S. Stainless Steel with a tiny precision valve in its center. This valve, non-corrosive, easy-to-clean, regulates the flow of liquid into the baby's mouth as he bites on the nipple, gives him his meal in measured amounts, and reduces the air swallowing that often causes colic. And, baby obtains more food and gets greater nutritional benefit from each feeding. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.



Fastest Auto. Flashing past the timing stand on its record run at Bonneville Speed Trials on the salt flats of Utah last year is the Motorbook Special, which set a one-way record of 252.10 miles per hour . . . the highest speed ever attained by an American automobile. The frame of this streamlined speedster is of Shelby Seamless Steel Tubes, a product of United States Steel.

so well



World's Largest Truck is this new 60-ton, off-the-highway ore carrier. Its 2 engines, totalling 700 horsepower, are mounted amidship of the truck's underbelly. Its cooling system requires almost 68 gallons of anti-freeze. Its huge tires are 32-ply. Its front end floats on captive air, and its rear springs have leaves of special steel almost 2 inches thick! 90% of the steel used in the truck body was manufactured by U. S. Steel.



Quiz Question: Which costs less, a pound of steel, or a pound of the newsprint upon which your daily newspaper is printed? Answer: steel costs less. For steel, selling at an average of only 5½ cents a pound, is one of the cheapest of modern materials . . . and by far the least costly of any metal.



The \$20,000,000 Hotel Statler, in Los Angeles, is the biggest hotel built in this country in 20 years. 13 stories, 1275 guest rooms. U. S. Steel fabricated and erected 7200 tons of structural steel for the framework . . . and also supplied 325 tons of National Pipe for heating, fire sprinkling and vacuum lines, and 10 tons of stainless steel for miscellaneous use.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Back at work in his Kansas City office after his whirl in the East, **Harry Truman** found that he had failed to turn in his hotel keys, asked his secretary to "mail these back to the Waldorf-Astoria."

Adlai Stevenson found himself looking into the barrel of a Red policeman's Tommy gun after prowling about the ruins of Hitler's chancellery in East Berlin, was told, "You move, I shoot." ("Curiously," Stevenson later remarked, "I didn't move.") Because a member of Stevenson's party took pictures of him amid the rubble, they were held at gunpoint by seven policemen for half an hour while resisting a trip down to headquarters. The Communists, who did not know who Stevenson was, finally released the group after seizing the exposed film. Said Stevenson of the incident: "Fascinating."

In London, Author **Adolf Hitler** did poorly on the auction block. His personal copy of *Mein Kampf*, found in the German chancellery at war's end, was offered by Owner Arthur Hillman for bids of \$11,200 and up. After four calls and no takers, the auctioneer announced: "We can't let it go for any less. It will be scratched."

Authorities blocked all ports and airfields in Egypt to stop Dancer **Somia** ("The Virgin of the Nile") **Gamal** from leaving the country before she ponies up Egyptian income taxes on the money she earned in the U.S. Reaction came swiftly from her real-estate-rich husband **Sheppard** ("Abdullah") **King** in Houston. "I knew they would nab her," he told reporters. "If she's not back by October, I'll fly over and lay siege to Egypt."

Cinematicress **Marilyn Monroe** gave a reporter a hint of what Hollywood glamour girls talk about between performances on the set. Sample noted during the shooting of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, in which she is starred with **Jane Russell**: "Jane, who is deeply religious, tried to convert me to her religion [she is actually nondenominational], and I tried to introduce her to Freud. Neither of us won."

In Los Angeles, Test Pilot **William B. Bridgeman**, who has flown faster (1,238 m.p.h.) and higher (70,494 ft.) than any other human, received the Octave Chanute Award for "outstanding contributions to the knowledge of supersonics."

General **Matthew Ridgway**, in a farewell chat with correspondents at Roquencourt near Paris before turning over his SHAPE command to General **Alfred Gruenther**, aired some philosophical thoughts. Driving to headquarters that morning, he had found the highway crammed with vacation-bound motorists



AMBASSADOR LUCE
Comfort for an amateur.

bearing camp chairs and tennis rackets, and "it just sort of puts things in a little better perspective. This turnover of command this morning, which has a rather important place in my thinking and in General Gruenther's . . . really doesn't make much difference to the rest of the world—they're bound for a weekend devoted to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness."

At the National Sports Car Races on the runways of Offutt Air Force Base at Omaha, photographers came upon General **Curtis E. LeMay**, chief of the Strategic Air Command, got him to pose in a flowery shirt and crash helmet behind the wheel of his souped-up Cadillac-Allard.



GENERAL LEMAY
Displaced by a professional.

A weekend-tinkering sports-car enthusiast, LeMay let a professional driver bring in the Allard first in its class, ninth in the day's overall standings.

At a ballpark in Rome, U.S. Ambassador **Clare Boothe Luce**, executing probably the most ladylike toss in baseball history, kept comfortably seated as she threw out the first ball in an Italo-American game between a U.S. Navy nine and Rome's Lazio team. Winner: the Navy.

In Baltimore, Manhattan and London reporters kept tabs on three distinguished patients: President **Eldipio Quirino**, 62, of the Philippines, who underwent a "completely satisfactory" 90-minute operation at Johns Hopkins Hospital for the removal of a benign stomach ulcer; Senator **Robert Taft**, 63, who checked into New York Hospital for an "exploratory operation" to determine the nature of his hip ailment, afterwards was reported cheerful and in good condition; and British Housing Minister **Harold MacMillan**, 59, whose progress was "well maintained" after the removal of his gall bladder.

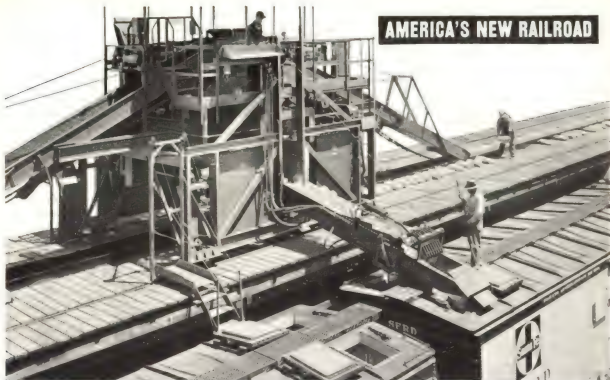
While Connecticut's Governor **John Lodge**, a Naval Reserve commander called to sea for a two-week refresher course, took part in Atlantic maneuvers aboard the light cruiser *Roanoke*, New Jersey's Governor **Alfred Driscoll** faced a navigation problem of another order: how to get his new, 14-foot, plastic runabout from New Brunswick, N.J. to his summer retreat at Lake Onawa, Me. Solution: recruiting sons Alfred, 16, and Peter, 13, as crewmen, hooking up an outboard motor, loading on sleeping bags and chocolate bars, and embarking on a 600-mile voyage by inland waterway and open sea.

For skimming a rented monoplane under 15 London bridges last May in his spectacular swan song to flying, Britain's World War I hero, "Mad Major" **Christopher Drooper**, got off with a year's probation, \$30 in court costs and a warning that he faced "severe treatment" if he tried anything like it again.

Photographer-Designer **Cecil Beaton**, a dabbler in watercolors, decided to go back to art school at 40, enrolled at London's Slade School of Fine Art. "I want to change my style," he explained, "and I want to learn to paint in oils."

Before starting back to her South Seas home, **Queen Salote**, the 6-ft., 3-in. monarch of Tonga, was asked to approve a Calypso song written by a British news man in tribute to her hearty role in the coronation parade. She strummed it on her royal guitar, pronounced it good. U.S. Folk Singer **Burl Ives** gave it a premiere in Edinburgh. Excerpts: "And when the great procession departed/ This Queen so happy-hearted/ Said 'Let it rain and let it pour./ Bring an open carriage and four.' And when the people saw her on that torrential morn./ She captured all before her, took everyone by storm."

AMERICA'S NEW RAILROAD



15 of these big icing machines are in operation at ice-servicing points along the Santa Fe.

Ever see so much fuss just to chill an orange?

It's the best way there is today to refrigerate a "reefer"—but Santa Fe is developing an even newer and better way to do the job

In 60 seconds flat, the giant ice-crushing machines Santa Fe recently installed can fill the bunkers of a refrigerator car with five tons of ice!

They are the newest and fastest

machines for icing cars yet devised.

And Santa Fe "reefers" are the most efficient type of refrigerator cars now on the rails.

These refrigerator cars and these icing machines have carried the technique of refrigeration with ice to the ultimate of present day knowledge.

WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW?

We can't be sure. BUT—

Santa Fe is now experimenting with a newer way to refrigerate cars automatically for hauling foods which may require temperatures as low as 25° below zero.

30 new experimental refrigerator cars designed by Santa Fe, built in its own shops and each with a ca-

capacity of 128,000 pounds of frozen foods, are now being utilized in the movement of frozen foods.

Each of these new cars has its own thermostatically-controlled diesel-driven compressor-type refrigerator unit. It carries 400 gallons of fuel (almost the exact amount Lindbergh used to fly the Atlantic). It can maintain sub-zero temperatures all the way from California to New York.

BENEFITS FELT ALL ALONG THE LINE

All along the line, people and communities feel the benefits of this building *new* wherever it actually occurs on the Santa Fe—and day-after-day, something new is done to make "America's New Railroad" a little better.

The millions of dollars this newness costs Santa Fe doesn't cost you a single penny in the taxes you pay.



PROGRESS THAT PAYS ITS OWN WAY

EDUCATION

Something for Ammi

With a cool \$3.2 million to give away last year, the Ford Foundation has sprinkled its largesse into many a remote cranny.* Last week it was training its sights on a tract of blooming farmland near Jericho, where the crops are wheat, oranges, and above all, hope. It is a Boystown—the first in the Middle East—for Arab children left homeless and orphaned by the Arab-Israeli war.

The man who set up the shelter is a grey-thatched, Cambridge-educated Arab lawyer named Musa al-Alami. To his boys

wherever they could. The orphanages and refugee camps around were already overflowing. Finally, Musa al-Alami hit on the idea of setting up a Boystown on his land.

At first, Alami took in only 18 boys, but his enrollment soon rose to 76. He clothed his charges in fresh khaki uniforms, built new adobe huts for them, hired a dozen teachers and master craftsmen to instruct them. Younger boys spent their mornings studying Arabic, English, history, geography and mathematics. Older boys took additional training in carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking and farming. Said Alami: "The Arab world needs enlightened lead-



ALAMI & ARAB ORPHANS
The crop is hope.

David Richardson

he is known only as "Ammi" (Uncle). His friends and enemies have frequently called him the "Don Quixote of the Arab world."

On the Village Level, Lawyer Alami has spent a lifetime tilting at windmills for his people. After World War II he doggedly preached his doctrine of reclamation and education while most Arabs could think only of their quarrels with the Zionists. He irrigated thousands of acres of desert land that others had thought hopeless, gave jobs to hundreds of refugees. Then, 15 months ago, he turned to the problem of the bedraggled bands of boys left homeless by the Palestine war. In Jerusalem he saw hundreds of them, skulking about the bazaars, living in back alleys, begging or stealing a few pasters

ership on all levels. We're concentrating on the village level."

Alami allows his boys to run their own life. Each house of ten students elects its own leader, who takes a seat on the Boystown ruling council. The boys tend their own gardens, conduct their own religious services. Each noon, a young voice rings out the muezzin's summons to devotions. Then the orphans bow in prayer, including always the words: "And Thy blessings on our loved ones who are dead."

Expansion Plans. Alami has encountered only a handful of boys who do not fit in. Most thrive on their new life. Last week, with the offer of a \$149,000 grant from the Ford Foundation, Alami was huddling with expansion plans. Among them: bigger & better carpentry and tailoring shops, a flour mill, dairy farm or macaroni factory to sell products to surrounding villages. Says "Uncle" Musa: "I've never had a family. Now I have the most wonderful family a man could ask for." His hope: a Boystown big enough for a family of 500.

Hot Latin

Standing in front of a huge slide picture of a Roman citizen, a Latin professor was putting his class through its paces. "Quid est?" said he, pointing to the Roman's eye. "Oculus," chirped the class. "Quid est?" continued the professor. "Pes," answered the class. Actually, the students knew all about *pes* and *oculus* already: they were Latin teachers of many years' standing. But last week at the University of Michigan, they did not mind starting from scratch, learning the latest teaching methods of a linguistics expert named Waldo Sweet.

At 41, bookish, spectacled Professor Sweet is considered something of a revolutionary: he thinks that elementary Latin teaching is all wrong, and he is doing his best to prove it. He preached his doctrine at Philadelphia's William Penn Charter School, finally won a professorship at Michigan. Last year the Carnegie Corporation decided to let him carry his crusade even further, gave him a grant for a special summer Latin workshop.

Quintilian Dixit . . . According to Sweet, today's Latin teachers are guilty of one of two errors. Error 1 is that they try to do as the Romans did, falling for some advice from old Quintilian (1st century) that "the children should begin by learning to decline nouns and conjugate verbs." By this method, pupils spend arduous hours memorizing rules and words, just as their predecessors did in Rome. The big trouble, says Sweet, is that the Roman youngsters already spoke Latin, while modern students do not.

Error 2 goes to the opposite extreme: it sidetracks grammar in favor of sight reading. But the reading is usually made too easy, e.g., texts religiously follow a single sentence structure (subject-object-verb), until students get the idea that they can identify all words by their positions. Actually, the Romans identified by endings. As far as meaning went, it made little difference to them whether a sentence read *Canis puellam videt*, *Puellam canis videt*, *Canis videt puellam*, *Puellam videt canis*, *Videt canis puellam* or *Videt puellam canis*. It all meant: "The dog sees the girl."

Juvenis Gerit . . . After 18 years of teaching Latin, Sweet now tries to avoid both these errors by a kind of modified Berlitz system. To give his pupils an idea of what Latin is all about, he starts out with a series of lessons on how languages differ. Soon, students get the idea that they must begin to think in Latin, that they can no longer rely on clues from their knowledge of English.

Sweet builds up vocabulary by using slides. The "Quid est?" routine is only the beginning. "Juvenis oculum gerit," Sweet will suddenly say. "Juvenis pedem gerit . . . Juvenis manum gerit." Gradually the class begins to realize that "gerit" means "has"—until Sweet leaps ahead again. "Juvenis vestim gerit . . . Juvenis gladium gerit . . . juvenis bellum gerit." By that time, the class realizes that "gerit" has a whole "area" of meanings.

* Among last year's projects: libraries for schools in Jordan, aid to displaced *Volksdeutsche* farm families in France, a study of the Turkish-speaking Moslems in the Soviet Union, a program for livestock improvement in Egypt, a survey of the problem of refugee Chinese intellectuals.



NEW YORK: PARK SHERATON HOTEL AS SEEN FROM ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Hospitality in the heart of the city!

You're in the most exciting part of New York, when you stay at the Park Sheraton. On 56th Street, in mid-Manhattan, it's just a two-block walk to Fifth Avenue, a stroll to the theatres. Yet many of its beautiful rooms and suites look down on Central Park. Typically Sheraton in its fine service, the Park Sheraton has skyrocketed in popularity and prestige. Like the Sheraton-Cadillac in Detroit, the Sheraton Plaza in Boston, and the Sheraton-Gibson in Cincinnati, it's one of America's outstanding addresses. And now, in Washington, D. C., the Wardman Park and the Carlton Hotels have joined the Sheraton family as the Sheraton-Park and the Sheraton-Carlton.

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WATERLOO - Sheraton

WATERLOO - Sheraton



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Do you want today's greatest possible protection against engine wear—and minimum oil consumption throughout the life of your car? Change to Gulfpride H.D.



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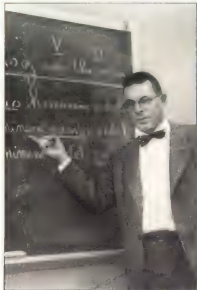
THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR OIL

"I was surprised when our Gulf dealer explained that my *short* trips are even harder on a motor than *long* trips," writes Mrs. Thomas J. Beddow of Washington, D.C. "That's why we get the *extra* protection of Gulfpride H.D. for this new Chevrolet."

Remember: Gulfpride H.D. protects against corrosion, rust and sludge deposits (problems that are at their worst in short-trip driving). It prevents plugging and sticking of piston rings, and clogging of oil screens. And it keeps hydraulic valve lifters operating smoothly.

from "has" to "hold" to "wage" to "wear."

After three weeks, students begin to drill from tape recordings by themselves. In class, Sweet goes on with the slides, adding more case endings and turning to prepositions. "Puer ignem rano facit," says Sweet, showing a boy making a fire with a branch. "Puer ignem cum fratre facit," he says, showing a boy and his brother lighting a fire. "Quis facit?" he asks. "Puer," says the class. "Quid puer facit?" "Ignem." "Quomodo facit?"



TEACHER SWEET

Eck Stronger

When not in Rome, not like the Romans.

"Ramo," "Cum quo facit?" "Cum fratre." Just how far his method can be carried. Rebel Sweet himself does not know. But after years of crusading, he is sure of one thing: "I used to think that I wouldn't be able to find many people to talk Latin with. But I need not have worried. Everywhere I go, Latin is a hot subject."

Report Card

¶ After studying figures from behind the Iron Curtain, the National Planning Association announced that it was worried: the Soviet Union currently turns out an annual 30,000 engineers a year "from a five-year curriculum of six-day weeks and ten-month years." The U.S. output: only 25,000 engineers from a four-year, five-days-a-week course.

¶ Alabama found that, although the number of its college students has gone up 90.3% since 1900, its college enrollments still lag way behind other states. Today, it has only 30 college graduates for every 1,000 citizens, compared to the national average of 60. The only state with a worse score: Arkansas, with 31.

¶ St. Louis was also singing the blues. Reason: after testing "thousands and thousands" of pupils in both public and parochial schools, it discovered that one out of every three students in the first, second and third grades is a "slow learner."



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RELIGION

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RESORTS



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BUSINESS NEEDS
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'YELLOW PAGES'
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Death in Grindstone Canyon

The New Tribes Mission is not for the frail of body or the faint of heart. Its members specialize in unfriendly aborigines and dangerous terrain; they come from any denomination of Protestantism, and their aim is to go where other missionaries have not gone before them. Founded in 1942 by Paul W. Fleming, a onetime missionary to Malaya, the New Tribes Mission has already suffered more than its share of dramatic accidents: five of its missionaries were killed by Bolivian savages in 1943; in June 1950, a New Tribes plane crashed in Venezuela killing 15 missionaries and their children, and five months later another New Tribes plane crashed in Wyoming killing 21 missionaries and their families, including Founder Fleming.

Last week, in Southern California's Mendocino National Forest, 14 more New Tribesmen died violently.

Grace Before Supper. The temperature had been in the upper 90s for days, and the park rangers kept an anxious eye on the tinder-dry brush. Late one afternoon, they saw the smoke they feared. (As he confessed later, an unemployed 26-year-old who wanted to raise some cash as a fire fighter had got a blaze going.) In a matter of minutes, a crackling patch of flame was eating through the chaparral.

The rangers sent a call for volunteers. Among the first to be recruited were 27 men from the New Tribes Mission "boot camp" at Fouts Springs, 15 miles to the south. It was frantic, sweaty work, but in a few hours the wind was dropping, and the fire seemed to be sealed off and under control. Then a spark jumped the fire lines and set off a spot blaze in Grindstone Canyon, a short distance away.

Led by a Forest Service man, 23 of the New Tribesmen built a 6-ft. firebreak around the spot fire with their shovels. Then they sat down in the darkness to a late supper—nine on the south side of the burned circle near the canyon wall, 15 on the down-canyon side. They said grace and began to eat. It was about 10 p.m.

"Run! Run!" None of them knew that the wind had sprung up again, or that up the canyon the fire had jumped the control lines. A forest ranger raced along the canyon's edge shouting, "Run! Run! Get out of the canyon!" The group of nine heard his faint voice above them and threw themselves at the canyon wall, scrambling up 200 yards to safety. The others may never have had warning until the flames came rushing and hopping through the head-high chaparral upon them. They ran.

For about three-quarters of a mile, they tore through the brush, and the flames were gaining behind them. Fourteen of them turned then and tried to clamber up the canyon wall. They could not make it, and for those who tried digging foxholes, the shalelike earth would yield only a few inches. One strong man went on running

and fighting through the brush down the canyon with the fire at his heels. He had gone a mile and a half when he fell exhausted, 50 yards from the point where the fire eventually died out. He was the 14th of the New Tribesmen to die that night.

Back at their training camp, the missionaries and their wives reminded themselves that New Tribesmen are prepared to die. "The Lord spoke for their hearts, and they realized their lives should count for eternity," said John Knutson, business manager of the mission. "Our people are ready to go unto the Lord."

Teamwork in North Carolina

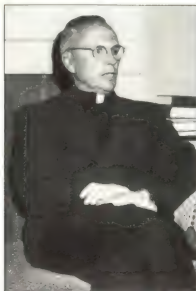
One evening last week, 15 men and women came to the rectory of the Infant of Prague Church in Jacksonville, N.C. (pop. 3,960) seeking instruction in the Roman Catholic faith. What brought them there was "front-line" evangelism and the part-time partnership of two priests.

Father Ambrose F. Rohrbacher, 49, is a grey-haired man from Milwaukee with a quiet voice and a shy manner. Behind his spectacles his eyes peer tentatively, and he looks far more of a scholar than an evangelist. Yet 15 years ago his church gave him one of the toughest U.S. missionary assignments it had. St. John's parish in North Carolina's western mountains was eight counties of hardscabed farmland, with only 50 resident Catholics and not a single Catholic church.

Missionary Rohrbacher set out to get some money. He went to New York City and Chicago and made speeches, finally raised enough to build a parochial grammar school and high school and two churches. Then, to get around among his scattered flock, he took flying lessons and



William M. Chien
FATHER O'BRIEN
Into the front lines.



FATHER ROHRBACHER
Out of the 'Bucket of Blood'

piloted a Piper Cub from county to county.

The Macedonian Cry. In 1950 Father Rohrbacher was transferred to Jacksonville's Infant of Prague Church on North Carolina's east coast. The church itself had been converted from a nightclub called "The Bucket of Blood," and its members were all marines from Camp Lejeune five miles away or civilians attached to the base; there was not a single Tarheel Catholic in the parish.

Father Rohrbacher needed help and he got it. In 1947, he had written to Father John A. O'Brien of Notre Dame University, who is also a Catholic leader in the National Conference of Christians and Jews.⁹ Stout, handsome Father O'Brien could step into any casting office and get a role as a Catholic priest. His voice is rich and he uses it effectively, he knows how to make people feel warm and at home, and the right words seem to grow in his mouth and fall ripely from it. He looks far more the evangelist than the scholar. Yet 60-year-old Father O'Brien has done graduate work at the University of Chicago, the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., the University of Illinois (Ph.D. in psychology) and Oxford. Since 1940 he has been research professor of the philosophy of religion at Notre Dame. His books, e.g., *Truths Men Live By*, *The Faith of Millions*, *What's the Truth About Catholics?*, have sold hundreds of thousands of copies.

To Father O'Brien, Father Rohrbacher's letter describing what he called "the church's front line" in North Carolina sounded like the cry that summoned the Apostle Paul to Macedonia. He decided to go down himself.

⁹ And one of three signers of the N.C.C.J. telegram to President Eisenhower last week protesting McCarthyism. J. B. Matthews' charges against Protestant ministers (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).

The Trickle. Last week Notre Dame Professor O'Brien returned home from the seventh annual month of his summer vacation that he has spent preaching on the farms and street corners of Missionary Rohrbacher's parish. Together, the two priests make an effective team.

Wearing sport clothes to keep the focus on his colleague, Father Rohrbacher helps gather a crowd for Father O'Brien's direct approach. "I'm here," Father O'Brien will begin, "as a Catholic priest and a professor at the University of Notre Dame. Boys, is this the first time a Catholic priest has talked to you?" When they answer yes, he goes on to deal with some of the popular misconceptions about Catholics, e.g., that they worship the Virgin Mary, pay priests to have sins forgiven, are forbidden to read the Bible.

Those who come up afterwards Father O'Brien introduces to Father Rohrbacher, whose quiet personal follow-up and instruction may bring them into the church during the months ahead. Last week's 15 and about 15 more who have not quite decided to come to classes yet—the fruit of this summer's evangelistic teamwork—amount to no more than a trickle beside the figures the Baptists and Methodists rack up every day in the week. But many a stream was a trickle once when Father Rohrbacher went to North Carolina in 1918, there were 8,000 Catholics in the state, and there are 28,000 now.

Words & Works

¶ The Vatican revealed that, in response to requests from all over Italy, Pope Pius has proclaimed St. Cassianus of Imola the patron saint of Italian stenographers. Legendary martyrdom of St. Cassianus (dates uncertain), who taught writing: stabbing by the pens of his students when he refused to worship Roman gods.

¶ In Mitchell, Ind., Harold C. Feightner, executive director of the Indiana Brewers Association, agreed to give "the other side of the case" at a camp meeting of Methodist youth. Feightner traced the course of Biblical wine-bibbing from Noah to the marriage at Cana, summed up: "The builders of the Bible saw virtue in the cultivation of the vine and the moderate use of its product." His audience, totally abstaining from applause, preferred the other invited speakers: a basketball star, a social worker, a judge, and two members of Alcoholics Anonymous.

¶ Though ill with a circulatory ailment, complained the Yugoslav press: Cardinal Stepinac refuses to leave his remote Croatian village and travel abroad for medical treatment—just as he refused to go to Rome last winter to receive his red hat from the Pope, fearing that Tito would never allow him to return.

¶ On a visit to Alaska, Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux, Negro evangelist, chartered a plane, flew out over the Bering Sea, heaved out a watertight canister containing a Russian-language Bible. Elder Michaux's hope: that the Bible would wash up on Russian territory, and that "God would send the proper person to find it and get it to the people of Russia."

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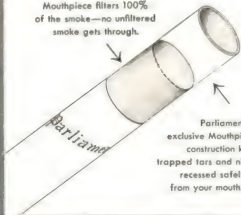
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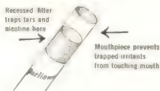


This greatly magnified diagram shows how the fibers of the Parliament Filter (patent pending) are interlocked to filter 100% of the smoke. No unfiltered smoke gets through this baffle of crisscrossed fibers. The fibers are pure cotton cellulose "exploded" by an exclusive Parliament process. Result? The filter is extra absorbent—gives you maximum filtering efficiency. No other filter can compare with Parliament's combination of efficiency and lack of harmful ingredients.

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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

BAD MAN ON FBI LIST
OF 10 "MOST WANTED"

Deportation Order

At his drawing board last week in the Chicago *Sun-Times* (circ. 544,784), Pulitzer Prizewinning Cartoonist Jacob Burck, 49, was going over the proofs of a cartoon for next day's paper. It showed the grasping hand of Soviet power being squeezed open by rebellious satellite citizens as they desperately tried to escape (title: "Losing His Grip?"). Just as he was finishing with the proof, the phone rang. On the line was a reporter from the rival Chicago *Daily News*. He told Burck that the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service had just ordered him deported on the grounds that he: 1) had become a Communist after entering the U.S. in 1914, 2) was in the U.S. illegally. Said Burck: "I feel they have no case. I will appeal."

The Government's charge was based on evidence that "from at least late 1934 or early 1935 to at least some time in 1936" Burck was a member of the Communist Party. Technically, the Government had a case. Born in Poland, Cartoonist Burck (original name: Yakko Bochowski) came to the U.S. at ten. During the Depression, he was a frequent contributor to Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker*, and one day in 1934 he took a party card from a persistent editor in the *Worker's* office to "keep him quiet." In 1935 he went to Moscow to sell a set of murals. But when he refused to revise the mural to Red specifications, i.e., make Stalin a more prominent figure, the Reds refused to pay for it, and Burck returned to the U.S. He worked for a year at the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* under Dan Fitzpatrick (*TIME*, June 22) before joining the Chicago *Times*. Burck stoutly denied he was ever a Communist in spirit, said that he signed the party card only as a matter of "expediency," and that he never attended closed party meetings. As to why he never became a citizen after taking out his first papers, Burck says: "I had been waiting in line a long time [for my final papers]. Suddenly I recalled that I had a cartoon to draw for the next day's editions." Staffers on the *Sun-Times* support his whimsical explanation, point out that Burck is a "real bohemian," disorganized in everything he does. Even his cartoons are always half finished until his editors "start putting the heat on."

Why the Government was prosecuting the case now was a mystery, especially since the Immigration Service charge against Burck says: "The documentary evidence . . . from 1937 [after he came back from Moscow] to the present shows [Burck] to be outstanding in his profession. [to have] accepted the duties of a responsible member of the community

. . . a loyal and patriotic individual."

Sun-Times Publisher Marshall Field Jr. backed up his cartoonist, and so did the *Post-Dispatch* in an editorial: "The idea that Jacob Burck should be banished behind the Iron Curtain is nothing less than preposterous . . . There is nothing 'subversive' whatever about his metropolitan daily newspaper cartooning, which



Arthur Sichel

CARTOONIST BURCK
He kept Stalin down to size.

now dates back more than 16 years. Assume that he realized his error and . . . sincerely changed his affiliation . . . Should the U.S. then not want to reclaim him as it has . . . others who saw their mistake?"

"Paul Revere II"

During the 1940 presidential race, Republican Candidate Wendell Willkie was fiercely attacked by the pinko *PM*, now defunct, in a series of columns signed Paul Revere II. Last week, at the second session of the pre-trial testimony in a \$1,500,000 libel suit brought against Walter Winchell by the New York *Post* and its editor, James A. Wechsler (*TIME*, July 13), Columnist Winchell was cornered into a confession. Paul Revere II was Walter Winchell. Since King Features, which syndicates his column, had cut out his diatribes at Willkie, Winchell had put his left hand to work on *PM*.

Quick Revival

In Philadelphia this week, Publisher Walter H. Annenberg, 45, of the *Inquirer* (circ. 643,985) announced a new venture in a new field. For a reported \$350,000, he bought the title "Quick" from Publisher Gardner ("Mike") Cowles, who folded his pocket-size weekly last month (*TIME*, April 27). In mid-September, Annenberg will put on the newsstands a



FJ-2 FURY JET

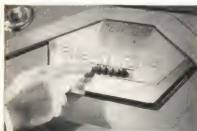
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brand-new *Quick*—a *Reader's Digest*-sized fortnightly news-and-picture magazine with such contributors as *Christian Science Monitor* Editor Erwin Canham and Radio's Martha (Meet the Press) Rountree. By printing *Quick* on the *Inquirer's* own gravure presses and taking no ads, Publisher Annenberg hopes to avoid the high costs that killed *Quick*, estimates he can break even with a 1,000,000 circulation.

This is the second new venture for Publisher Annenberg in six months. Last January, he paid close to \$1,000,000 for Manhattan's *TV Guide*, now puts out 14 regional editions for major cities all over the U.S. Primarily a detailed program listing, *TV Guide* also runs articles and features, has done well enough since it started to help finance its own expansion.

The Plaque. Of his \$25 million publishing empire (Annenberg's conservative estimate), which also includes *Seventeen*, *Daily Racing Form*, *Morning Telegraph* and *Official Detective Stories*, Annenberg says proudly: "Everything's in the black." He runs the empire from his cavernous, richly decorated *Inquirer* office, where he sits in front of a small bronze plaque engraved with the words: "Cause my works on earth to reflect honor on my father's memory." One memory of his father, the late Moses L. ("Moe") Annenberg, that lingers in U.S. history is a three-year prison term for evading \$1,217,296 in income taxes. That part of the memory, says son Walter, "has been like a whip on my back." The Moe Annenberg that Walter remembers and reveres was a self-made immigrant from East Prussia who started out as a newsboy, became the Hearst chain's publishing director, and left to build a publishing empire on the cornerstone of a racing-wire service he fondly called the "A.P. of racing news."

Fully confident that his only son would carry on after his death, Moe Annenberg (who also had seven daughters) paid more than \$13 million in 1936 for the respectable Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Walter, who went to the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance, started out with his father in the bookkeeper's office, countersigning checks so that he could see where the money went. When Moe Annenberg bought the *Inquirer*, Walter became his father's assistant to learn his editorial and circulation tricks. Walter, who still knew more about art than the newspaper business, suggested that the *Inquirer* run a four-color reproduction of a Matisse painting in the Sunday pictorial section. Moe Annenberg said no, taught Walter a lesson in practical publishing by running instead Cassily Adams' bar-room favorite, *Custer's Last Fight*, which brought in a flood of requests for reprints.

Start & Stop. When Moe Annenberg was sent to prison in 1940 (he died a month after his parole in 1942) and Walter had to take charge, he quickly proved that he knew the difference between Matisse and Adams. Against the stiff competition of Robert McLean's *Evening Bulletin* (circ. 693,104—"In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads the *Bulletin*"), he kept the *Inquirer* growing,



PUBLISHER ANNENBERG
A whip on his back.

started *Seventeen*, a fashion magazine for teen-agers. (He also decided that two movie magazines, *Radio Guide* and *Click*, a picture magazine, ate up more hard-to-get paper than they were worth, killed them.) While the *Bulletin* added readers with its quiet, unexcited coverage, the *Inquirer* picked up its own circulation by digging itself deep into Philadelphia civic life. In 13 years has almost doubled its circulation.

Annenberg started an annual music festival, took over the Philadelphia Forum, gave scholarships in his father's name to college students, bought the city sports Arena and, two months ago, a block-square piece of property in Penn Center (TIME, June 1) to build a community transportation center. At New Jersey's Peddie School, where he prepared for college, Publisher Annenberg proudly recalls that his classmates voted him "most likely to succeed." But, adds he modestly: "I started with an awful lot handed to me."

Discovery

When the Democratic National Committee put out the first issue of its *Democratic Digest* last week (TIME, July 13), Editor Clayton Fritchey explained that one of its main objectives was to help "redress the imbalance of... the one-party editorial pages" in the U.S. press. No sooner had the first issue hit the stands than the *Christian Science Monitor's* Washington Bureau Chief Roscoe Drummond made a revealing discovery. Wrote Correspondent Drummond: "What one-party press is Fritchey talking about? More than half the cartoons [criticizing the Administration] and the clear majority of the editorial quotations... are from Republican newspapers. Could it be that the *Democratic Digest* is accidentally and unwittingly bearing evidence that the 'partisan' press is devoting itself substantially to nonpartisan appraisal?"



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JOHNNIE WALKER
Blended Scotch Whisky

SPORT

"The Wee Ice Mon"

"These greens are awful," Ben Hogan told his new Scottish friends. "It's like putting on glue. I've got a lawnmower back in Texas. I'll send it over to you." Indeed, U.S. Champion Hogan, making his first practice rounds of the old municipal golf course at Carnoustie on the eve of the British Open, saw very little that he liked.

The Scots were riled; they are proud of windswept Carnoustie, chiefly because of its jagged hillocks, fiendish traps and stubby greens. One crusty old coddler on a shooting stick spoke up for all of Scotland: "Hogan talks a bloody lot about the greens and a bloody lot about his putter; he should put the two together and shut up."

But as the days wore on and methodical Ben went about his practice routine—three shots, differently placed, from every tee—Scottish annoyance turned to admiration for the dour little man from Texas. Before long, the Scots were calling him, almost affectionately, "The Wee Ice Mon," though a hard core still proudly insisted: "No American is going to turn up Carnoustie."

In Rain & Hail. On the first day's round Hogan did no course-burning. He shot a 73, one over unofficial par on the long (7,200-yd.) course; he was three strokes off the pace. But his second-round 71, some of it played in rain and hail, left him tied for third, just two strokes off the pace. A reporter suggested that he was in a nice position for the run for the finish, the 36 grueling holes of the last day. "Yeah," agreed Ben, "it's not a bad position, but you've got to play. You've really got to play."

On the final day, Hogan appeared on the first tee bundled up in two sweaters and feeling the touch of flu. "Better have an oxygen tent ready on the 18th; I'll need it," he warned an official. A Scots paper headlined: **HOGAN FALTERS**. Instead of faltering, Ben began running out 300-yd. drives in place of his usual, careful 250-yarders. Where his putts had been falling short, Ben changed style and stroked harder. His third-round 70 left him in a tie for the lead at 214.

In Toil & Trouble. That afternoon, his face pale with cold and exhaustion, 40-year-old Ben Hogan teed off for the last round. The critical play came on the par-four fifth hole, where his second shot hit the green, spun, and dribbled into the deep grass edging a bunker, some 40 ft. from the pin. In trouble, Ben studied the difficult shot from all angles for fully five minutes. Then he hauled out a No. 9 iron, lined up the shot once more, and swung. The ball bounced, rolled boldly toward the hole, struck the back lip, bounced a foot in the air and plunked into the cup for a birdie. From then on, the wee ice mon was invincible.

He came up to the 18th green, where a golf-wise crowd of 20,000, bigger than any



BEN HOGAN PUTTING AT CARNOUSTIE
He forgot about the lawnmower.

Cont. Med. 96—LIFE

Hogan had ever seen in the U.S., was waiting to greet him. The British Open was all but certainly his already, but he had a final course-burning in mind; a birdie four would give him a 68, a Carnoustie course record. To the roars of 20,000 fans, Ben Hogan shot his birdie four. His 282 for 72 holes beat the rest of the strong Carnoustie field by four.

In Triumph. Not until the final putt had been sunk did Ben unbend. Then he doffed his cap and smiled for the crowd. At the trophy presentation, Hogan made a little speech: "I didn't come here to take home a trophy. Whether I won or lost was incidental. I came over here because a lot of people back home wanted me to, and some people over here did, too."



Associated Press

TOM FOOL WINNING BROOKLYN HANDICAP
He gained weight.

Britain's sportswriters spent their superlatives: "The Hogan Open, the greatest open in modern times," said London's *Daily Express*. "Hail the greatest golfer of our time," said the *Daily Herald*. "And who shall say he's not the best of all time?" echoed the *Daily Telegraph*.

Top Handicap Horse

Like Atlas, the Greentree Stable's Tom Fool is constantly being made to carry the weight of the world on his back. At least so it seems to Greentree's Trainer John Gaver, the man who sends the handsome bay colt to the races. As a three-year-old Tom Fool was ailing, and never got a chance to run in the Kentucky Derby or the other three-year-old classics. But this year, a filled out, mature four-year-old, Tom Fool is already being talked of as one of the top handicap horses of all time.

Carrying top weight in every start,* Tom Fool won his first five starts this year. In the Metropolitan Handicap, first race in New York's "Handicap Triple Crown," he carried a whopping 130 lbs.—108 lbs. of Jockey Ted Atkinson and 22 lbs. of lead and equipment—and won. In the Suburban Handicap his burden was 128 lbs., and he won again. Fortnight ago, in the Carter Handicap, the handicapper asked him to carry 135, and still he won.

Last week, in the Brooklyn Handicap, third race of the Handicap Triple Crown, they loaded 136 lbs. on Tom Fool. It meant he was giving away weights ranging from 26 to 31 lbs. to the other entries. Tom Fool broke fast from the starting gate, ran easily in second place until he hit the far turn. There, Jockey Atkinson loosened his tight hold on the reins, clucked once, and Tom Fool took off. Never under a whip, never under pressure,

* Handicapper's rule of thumb: three pounds of extra weight equal a length in a mile race.

"How Pullman took the 'blues' out of my last St. Louis trip"

From a voluntary letter by Howard Upton, Executive Secretary, National Association of Oil Equipment Jobbers



"Recently, I had to go to St. Louis. Instead of flying, I decided to take an overnight Pullman. It was raining when I left, but the train was exactly on time. What's more I didn't get drenched before boarding."



"After reaching my roomette, I changed into slacks, settled back and accomplished more in an hour than in half a day at my office."



"I couldn't have slept better."

"We arrived 30 seconds early. I left with a good breakfast, unwrinkled suit, shined shoes, serene disposition. The cab ride to my engagement was a matter of seconds."

"So a journey I usually consider an ordeal turned out to be a pleasure. I'm looking forward to many more Pullman trips."

Have you re-discovered

PULLMAN

Comfortable, Convenient and Safe

Recreated by a professional model
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Tom Fool won easily, by a length and a half.

Pleased Trainer John Gaver, after being congratulated on the victory, produced a stock race-track reply: "Good horses make good trainers." Tom Fool's victory revived talk of a "dream race" between Alfred Vanderbilt's champion three-year-old Native Dancer and the champion four-year-old handicap horse. On a weight-for-age basis today, Tom Fool would carry 126 lbs. in a mile race, the Dancer 116 lbs.

Scoreboard

At Birmingham, Mich., Walter Burke-mo, home pro at the nearby Franklin Hills country club, defeated Felice Torza, another club pro from St. Charles, Ill., 2 and 1, for the Professional Golfers' Association title after all the more famed touring pros, e.g., Sam Snead, Cary Middle-coff and Claude Harmon, had been beaten in earlier rounds. Notably missing from the entry list: Old Pro Ben Hogan, who was busy in Scotland (see above).

In St. Louis, the hapless baseball Browns set an unenviable major-league mark: 20 losses in a row in their home park, breaking the record set by the Boston Red Sox in 1906. Said Browns Owner Bill Veeck, who has been trying to move the Browns' franchise out of St. Louis: "Frankly, I don't know whether the Browns are coming or going."

In Philadelphia, Righthander Robin Roberts was knocked out of the pitcher's box (by the Brooklyn Dodgers) for the first time since August 1952. Since that time, he had pitched 28 complete games, winning 21 of them.

In Brooklyn, Rookie Righthander Allan ("Red") Worthington of the New York Giants, just up from Minneapolis, shut out the Dodgers, 6-0, for his second shutout in two major-league starts. Worthington, incidentally, stopped Dodger home-run hitters who had hit at least one a game for 24 consecutive games.

In Manhattan, a 61-year-old walking enthusiast named David Power dipped his toes in upper New York Bay at the end of a 3.66-mile walk from Santa Monica, Calif. Walker Power averaged about 41 miles a day for 73½ days, wore out five pairs of shoes, lost 15 lbs.

BASEBALL'S BIG TEN

The major-league leaders at mid-season:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team: Brooklyn (by 1½ games)
Pitcher: Staley, St. L. (12-4)
Batter: Schoendienst, St. L. (.341)
Runs Batted In: Mathews, Mil. (75)
Home Runs: Mathews, Mil. (27)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team: New York (by five games)
Pitcher: Farnell, Boston (12-5)
Batter: Kell, Boston (.329)
Runs Batted In: Rosen, Cleve. (72)
Home Runs: Rosen, Cleve. (22)

ANOTHER REASON FOR ADVERTISING IN



America's management market is bigger than ever

FACTORIES, mines or railroads do not buy goods and services. *People* do. Industry's consumers are the managers, supervisors and directors of American business.

And a striking thing has happened to this industrial market in recent years—something you've probably noticed happening in your own company. The number of management men has increased at a phenomenal rate.

A few months ago, Dun & Bradstreet took a census of 37 representative corporations—and found that in these 37 companies alone the number of men in positions of management purchasing responsibility had doubled since 1940.

This is just one example of many studies I've seen lately which reflect the growth of the management group.

The problems of modern industry are so complex and its areas of opportunity so diverse that in any sizeable company today there must be many independent decision-makers—and the judgment of these many minds greatly influences major company policy.

All this has been an important factor in the growth of TIME, the Weekly Newsmagazine. It's

no coincidence that our circulation, too, has doubled since 1940—in almost exact parallel to the growth of the management population.

Above and beyond their special skills and knowledge, industry's managers must have a broad understanding of this changing world in which we are all doing business.

Countless surveys have shown that of all magazines, TIME is their outstanding source of news and new ideas. These men look for news not only in TIME's editorial columns, but also in the advertising pages.

Here, week after week, industry talks directly to a great management audience—presenting its products, services and ideas.

As a reader of TIME, you know what an important part of the news these advertisements are. If you are also an advertiser in TIME, you know that nowhere else can you reach so large and interested a business market.

ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR

TIME



The Weekly Newsmagazine

WHAT SIZE BOURBON FITS YOUR TASTE?

by

J. P. Van Winkle

President

Straat-Weller Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



What's the sense of buying shoes that cramp your toes, collars that pinch your neck, or bourbon too small for your taste?

Whiskey comes in sizes too, and the sole concern of our family-owned distillery through more than a century has been to provide a flavor ample enough to fit the man who knows how real Kentucky bourbon ought to taste.

How do we do this? Largely by controlling our proof through each stage of operation.

Proof is that figure on your label that tells the "alcoholic size" of the whiskey. But how and why it gets that way is the important thing with us.

We distill at low proof to preserve the natural bourbon flavors. OLD FITZGERALD comes from the still at 85 proof and is further refined in our old fashioned pot still doubler to 117 proof.

To provide maximum contact with the oak, we reduce this proof before barreling to 103 by adding pure distilled water.

As our barrels become "bottle ripe" we find that the whiskey has gradually increased in proof during the aging period. Don't ask me why.

Before bottling we again add distilled water to adjust the proof to exactly 100, no more no less.

This is the historical proof at which bourbon has always been bottled-in-bond, as dictated and supervised by the Federal Government and defined by the U. S. Pharmacopoeia.

It is only at this proof that OLD FITZGERALD is offered as a worthy adjunct to your business entertaining.

We invite you to join the inner circle of executives who have discovered this unique flavor for themselves, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour
Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

Theater Football

In Manhattan, Box Office Television, Inc. announced the signing of a five-year contract with Notre Dame, covering all the home football games of the Fighting Irish. The games will be shown over closed-circuit theater TV in 62 cities. Tentative admission price: \$1.50. Some Notre Dame basketball games will be similarly broadcast this winter, as will games played by the professional Harlem Globe Trotters over the next six years.

The Upper Hand

For two months, Veteran Author Ben (The Front Page) Hecht had spent four nights a week in front of his TV set, and it was a disturbing experience. But Hecht, sometime newspaperman, playwright, movie scenarist and novelist, felt it was necessary before setting to work on his first TV drama series, *Tales of the City* (alternate Thursdays, 8:30 p.m., CBS). His conclusions about TV: "There is no such thing as action in television. All the actors do is pretend there has been action—they pant and they groan and they tell you how far they have just run. TV seems dedicated to saying everything without words. The actors stand around and grunt and say 'Dats so' or 'Ain't dat right?' This is stupid." Hecht's decision: "I figured there was one thing I could do. I could write wordy, dialogue-type plays. This sort of thing went out of fashion 25 years ago. I'm hoping to bring it back."

Hecht's first half-hour show, a tale about "the big heart of Broadway" coming to the rescue of a young couple from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was as loaded with corny sentiment as with talk. Says Author Hecht: "We had to make the first one very sentimental because we used it to sell the sponsor [Willys Motors]." His second show last week was on the more Hechtian subject of hate; it told how a woman who has spent ten years in jail for shooting the other woman in a domestic triangle completes the job by plugging her husband.

This shooting is the only violence that occurs in *Tales of the City* ("And that's a domestic thing between husband and wife, so you can't count it"). Violence, Hecht feels, is overdone on TV because "the only action you can have in a four-foot radius is killing or hitting. It is possible to kill a man from one inch—therefore TV loves it."

But Hecht thinks there is a future for writers on TV: "It's a sort of wondrous version of the medicine show. You do a dance, sing a bird song, and then you pitch the snake oil. But the important thing is that it is not the entertainment that the sponsor is selling, but the snake oil or the beer. Just as long as his beer sells—which might be because it's a hot summer—he will let the writer have the upper hand."

So far, Hecht has written seven shows, spending a day on each, sold the lot for



BEN HECHT

After the dance, the snake oil.

\$21,000 (which, he figures, will help him finish an autobiography he has been working on for five years). And since his first indoctrination session, claims Hecht, he has not looked at TV once.

The New Shows

Nothing But the Best (Tues. 9 p.m., NBC-TV) stars Cinemactor Eddie Albert and tries to recapture the easygoing mood of the old *Garroway at Large* show. But the pace is slow rather than relaxed, and Eddie Albert's folksy chatter merely gets in the way of such guest performers as Torch Singer Lee Wiley, Trumpeter Louis



MEL TORME & TERESA BREWER
Between a blowtorch and a cello.

Mr. Donald R. Mayer, President
Waltham Corporation
250 East Market Street
Whitehall 32, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Mayer:

Thank you for your letter and inquiry about our new line of Viking drill presses.

We have mailed you a copy of our 1950 catalog under separate cover. This catalog will give you a good picture of the many models of drill presses our company manufactures. As you requested, our New Jersey sales manager will phone you the first week of next month for an appointment to discuss our products.

If, in the meantime, you should have any questions concerning our equipment, please drop us a line. We are always at your service.

Very truly yours,

George G. Mayer
Vice President

CCM:df

How to sell yourself to people you never meet



Secret? the Remington Electric Typewriter...

This amazing typewriter automatically gives your letters a neater, more impressive look. Since electricity, *not the typist*, controls the impression—absolute evenness is assured. Every character looks as sharp and crisp as fine printing . . . each line as neat, uniform and easy to read as exercises in a typing manual. Result? Your letters, wherever they go, command attention, look IMPORTANT and do an A-1 job of selling you and your firm sight unseen. Other advantages of the Remington Electric Typewriter include: Increased production, often as much as 50%; sharp, clean-cut carbons, 15 and more at a typing; and a healthy increase in your typists' morale.

FREE! Demonstration of Remington Electric typing, or fact-filled booklet, "Take a Letter" (RE 8499) yours for the asking. Write: Remington Rand, Room 2887, 315 Fourth Ave., New York 10.

A PRODUCT OF **Remington Rand** MAKES OF THE SUPER-RITER, OFFICE-RITER, QUIET-RITER AND NOISELESS TYPEWRITERS

TIME, JULY 20, 1953



"We saved 47% expanding with **BUTLER Buildings**"

SAYS: H. W. Strong, Building Manager
The Coleman Company, Inc., Wichita, Kansas
Manufacturers of household appliances for
heating, lighting, cooking, and ironing

"Our Butler buildings give us 185,000 sq. ft. of fully usable space at a total cost of only \$2.40 per square foot," says Mr. Strong. "That's less than half what other types of construction would have cost us!"

"We like the fast, easy erection and fire-safe protection Butler buildings give us, too. Quick erection, teamed with 100% re-use of Butler pre-engineered materials, has let us expand our installation twice and relocate one building at a very moderate expense."

"In no other way could we have gotten so many square feet of space for the dollars spent as with Butler buildings!" says Mr. Strong. Note the post-free, truss-clear interior. Butler rigid frame construction lets you use all the space you pay for!

Get the full
BUTLER story
before you
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Learn how you can hold your building investment to a minimum... and have Butler steel buildings up, at work in less than 30 days. Send coupon for name of your Butler dealer and full details on Butler buildings.



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Armstrong and Dancer Vera Zorina. Sponsor Procter & Gamble tries to captivate viewers with bathtub shots of Mom, Pop and Baby soaping themselves with Ivory.

Summertime, U.S.A. (Tues. & Thurs., 7:45 p.m., CBS-TV) is filled with danceable music and pretty girls. Using scarcely a line of dialogue, the show features Crooner Mel Torme and Teresa Brewer, a topnotch singer with a voice somewhere between a blowtorch and a cello. Also on hand: the Honeydreamers quintet, and a trio of dancers cavorting at different U.S. vacation spots each week. The Thursday commercials, plugging General Electric, are unobjectionable.

Eddy Arnold Show (Tues. & Thurs., 7:30 p.m., NBC-TV) tries gamely to flesh out its hillbilly tunes with production numbers in the *Hit Parade* manner. Billed as "the Tennessee Plowboy," unsponsored Eddy Arnold strums a guitar, beats out songs like *Moonlight & Roses* in country rhythm, and gets informal support from an earnest, shiny-faced trio called the Dickens Sisters.

Summer School (weekdays, 4 p.m., CBS-TV) adds an educational grace note to the dissonance of daytime TV. Telecast from Philadelphia, and featuring teachers and specialists from all over the U.S., the show is aimed at children, but may equally interest their parents. *Summer School* touches lightly on everything from astronomy to zoology. Its effectiveness varies from day to day, depending on the subject chosen and the personality of the teacher.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, July 17. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Grand Central Station (Sat. 11:05 a.m., CBS). *The Littlest Wish*, with Neva Patterson, Paul McGrath.

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 11:35 a.m., CBS). Melville's *Moby Dick* discussed by Critics Alfred Kazin, Lawrence Thompson.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Highlights of the Holland Festival.

Confession (Sun. 9:30 p.m., NBC). A new series, based on actual crimes.

Chautauqua Symphony (Mon. 8:30 p.m., ABC). Walter Hendl conducts Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Wagner.

General Electric Theater (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Irene Dunne in *Penny Serenade*.

TELEVISION

Sound Stage (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Susan Douglas in *Something for an Empty Briefcase*.

Horse Racing (Sat. 3:45 p.m., CBS). Arlington Classic from Chicago.

Saturday Night Revue (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Hoagy Carmichael variety show.

Orchid Award (Sun. 9:15 p.m., ABC). Guest: Eddie Fisher.

Ford Theater (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Macdonald Carey in *Edge of the Lane*.

Braves blazing car trying to rescue six!



Heroic deed climaxes 27 years of safe driving, wins "Driver of Year" award.

S. F. "Pat" Burkholder of Sparks, Nevada, driver for Garrett Freightlines, Inc. has made heroism a habit. Three times in the past few years he has risked his life to save injured motorists. Each time, he's modestly "disappeared", avoiding credit. But fame—and the trucking industry's coveted "Driver of the Year" award—caught up with

him after a recent attempt to save the victims of a head-on collision, trapped in a burning automobile. Pat suffered severe burns in a futile effort to rescue the family of six.

Pat's safe driving is a habit, too. His 27 years of truck driving without an accident are the equivalent of 150 years of driving by the average motorist.



National accident records prove . . .

Truck drivers are safe drivers!

Truck and bus drivers are safe drivers on the highways and streets. This is proved by the accident ratio (number of accidents per 100,000 vehicle miles) reported yearly in "Accident Facts", a publication of the National Safety Council. This ratio has decreased rapidly since the war—from 2.10 in 1946-47 to 1.32 in 1950-51 (latest figures) for for-hire inter-city trucks. And many fleets

of inter-city for-hire trucks have accident ratios under 1.0.

Safety is no accident! These professional drivers must pass the most rigorous safety training and physical examinations as well as a thoroughgoing course in highway courtesy. All of this pays off for you, with whom the trucks share not only the duty of supporting, but the privilege of using, America's highway network.

If you've got it, a truck brought it



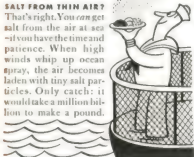
American Trucking Industry
American Trucking Associations, Washington 6, D.C.

AIR-MAZING FACTS

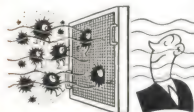
BY O. SOGLOW

SALT FROM THIN AIR?

That's right. You can get salt from the air at sea—*if* you have the time and patience. When high winds whip up ocean spray, the air becomes laden with tiny salt particles. Only catch: it would take a million billion to make a pound.



SOUND IDEA FOR DIESELS. Noisy diesel air intakes cause employee fatigue and annoy neighbors. But Air-Maze filter-silencers hush the racket while they clean the air.



BAD AIR GETS FRESH START! Air-Maze panel filters keep damaging dust and grit out of engine rooms, diesel locomotive cabs, offices, etc. They're all-metal, cleanable, have high dirt-holding capacity and low pressure drop. Available in a wide variety of types and sizes.

WHETHER YOU BUILD OR USE engines, compressors, air-conditioning and ventilating equipment, or any device using air or liquids—the chances are there is an Air-Maze filter engineered to serve you better. Representatives in all principal cities, or write Air-Maze Corporation, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

AIR-MAZE

The Filter Engineers

AIR FILTERS
SILENCERS
SPARK ARRESTERS

LIQUID FILTERS
OIL SEPARATORS
GREASE FILTERS

SCIENCE

Visible Bird Song

Hugh Lofting's Dr. Dolittle, beloved by children and by parents who read to children, trained a chorus of singing birds and let the birds themselves compose the music. He and the audience noticed that the canaries sometimes went through the motions of singing although they were making no audible sound. The birds were singing ultrasonically, and if Dr. Dolittle could go to Ohio State University this week, he would see the ultrasonic bird songs that he could not hear.

Professors Donald J. Borror and Carl R. Reese borrowed an elaborate audio-spectrograph from the university's astronomical observatory (where it was used to study the scintillations of stars), and used it to analyze bird songs recorded in the fields and woods. It could hear notes much higher than the human limit (about 18,000 cycles a second), and it could catch and write down on its paper tape the fastest variations in the songs.

The visual recordings show that most birds' songs are not intended for clumsy human ears. A few of them (e.g., the songs of whippoorwills and song sparrows) can be heard complete, but others contain many parts that are too high-pitched. When heard by human ears, the golden crowned kinglet's song, for instance, must be a pale shadow of what it sounds like to another golden crowned kinglet, which can appreciate all of its highest notes.

Birds' ears must also be quicker than human ears. Some of the songs of warblers, for example, are full of musical phrases set so close together that they cannot be heard separately. Even apparently simple songs contain quick musical details that slip past human ears. On

studying the visual records, the scientists found that many birds are musical gymnasts, playing on their vocal organs as if they were string quartets. The blue jay, for instance, can sing what amounts to a major chord, holding a low note and a high note simultaneously; then after a hundredth of a second, he adds a middle note. The wood thrush can hold as many as four simultaneous notes.

The scientists do not know how the birds manage these musical stunts, which are far beyond the capabilities of human singers. Their next project is to find out.

Wonderful Hydrazine

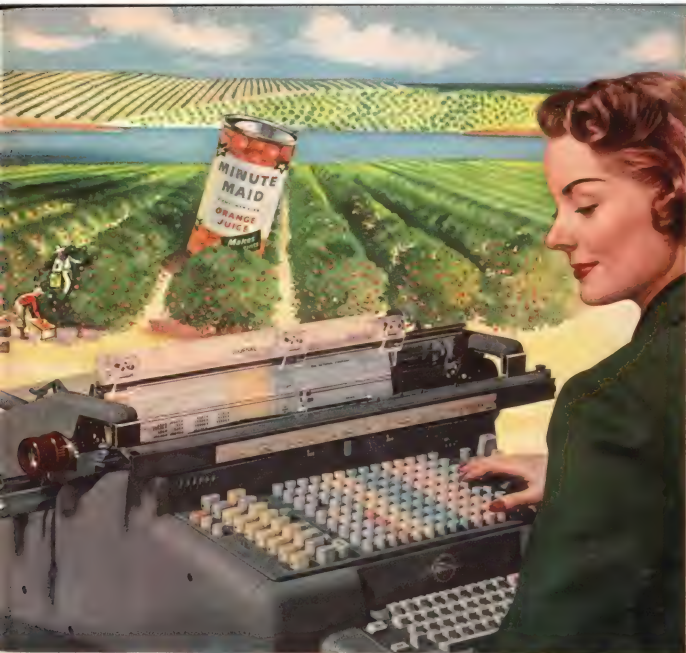
An innocent-looking chemical, much like water in appearance, has U.S. synthetic chemists in a state of eager anticipation. It is hydrazine (N_2H_4), which is just coming on the market in large quantities and at a reasonable price. It offers scientists a chance to discover new chemical continents.

Organic chemistry, which has produced hundreds of thousands of compounds, is built on the fact that carbon atoms combine with one another to form rings and chains. Nitrogen atoms will do the same thing to a limited extent, but making nitrogen atoms link up with one another is extremely difficult on more than a laboratory scale. Hydrazine, which has two linked nitrogen atoms each attached to two hydrogen atoms, is the first of these linked "hydronitrogens" that has been produced outside the laboratory in appreciable quantities.

During World War II, the Germans made hydrazine for use as a rocket fuel. The chemical bond between the two nitrogen atoms contains a large amount of energy, and when it is broken during combustion, the energy is released, giving



OHIO STATE'S BORROR & REESE (BELOW) (CARDINAL'S SONG ON TAPE)
Dr. Dolittle would hear through the motions.



"Our *Nationals* save us their cost every 10 months!"

—MINUTE MAID CORP., New York

"Largest Producer of Frozen Juice Concentrates"

"Our National 'Class 31' Accounting Machines are saving us \$18,000 every year. Since the machines originally cost \$15,640, these savings represent a return of 115% annually on our investment.

"We installed our Nationals in 1949. Since that time, Minute Maid sales of frozen juice concentrates have increased 248%. It's remarkable, we

think, that our National Machines handle this increased volume so efficiently—and with such ease of operation—that no additional equipment or personnel is required."

L. G. Bender

Vice President and Treasurer

Your costs can be cut, too, with National Machines, which often do 2/3 of the work automatically, soon pay for themselves out of the money they save—then continue to return their cost as handsome profit! Your nearby National representative is a trained systems analyst. Ask him to show you how much Nationals will save you.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY, DAYTON 9, OHIO

National

ACCOUNTING MACHINES
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THE THREE CUTLER-HAMMER STARS ★ ★ ★

STAND FOR THREE NEW STANDARDS



Installs easier

The cost of installing motor control today is usually much more than the cost of the control equipment, often two to three times as much. Thus this new control offers large savings.



Look for the three silver stars on the famous Cutler-Hammer nameplate; they identify the new spectacular Cutler-Hammer ☆☆☆ Motor Control. These three stars stand for three entirely new standards in motor control satisfaction and value. ☆ 1...Easier, faster, lower cost installation any electrician can readily prove. ☆ 2...Time-saving, trouble-saving, cost-cutting better performance which any test will confirm. ☆ 3...Amazingly longer life due to advanced engineering features anyone can understand. Compare it by features and by performance. You too will say it is the finest control you know. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.



Works better

Users say, "Nothing like this ever before." Smooth, quiet operation with uniform response. New adjustable overload protection lets motors work harder with fewer nuisance interruptions.



Lasts longer

Revises all existing ideas of long trouble-free life in motor control. Cuts rate of wear to point that maintenance care and cost are virtually eliminated for 90% of all control uses.

**TRY IT!
COMPARE IT!
TEST IT!
PROVE IT!**



Order from your nearby
Authorized Cutler-Hammer
Distributor today.

CUTLER-HAMMER ★ ★ ★ **MOTOR CONTROL**



PREHISTORIC DIPROTODON
They stayed for dinner.

the rocket a powerful push. In the U.S., hydrazine (which is poisonous and blows up if improperly handled) will be used in rocket fuels, but in the long run it will be more important in chemical synthesis. Here the possibilities are almost endless. Each of hydrazine's four hydrogen atoms is highly reactive; each can be replaced, sometimes in many ways, with almost any organic molecule. Or the hydrazine molecule can be made to act as a chemical link, each end of it attached to a different organic molecule. This permits chemists to create innumerable new substances, many of which are sure to have valuable properties. Even with hydrazine scarce and expensive, some hydrazine derivatives have already reached the market: drugs, insecticides, explosives and photographic developers. Soon hydrazine's magic twin nitrogen atoms may show up in dyes, detergents, plastics and synthetic fibers.

This week Mathieson Chemical Corp. announced that its new plant at Lake Charles, La. for the production of hydrazine in tonnage lots has been completed. The price, which was \$50 a lb. a few years ago, will be \$1.50 a lb., and Mathieson hopes to cut it eventually to 50¢ a lb. At this price, chemists believe, magic hydrazine will find thousands of important uses.

Marsupial Graveyard

Name: diprotodon. Age: uncertain. Domicile: Australia. Physical characteristics: looks like a rhinoceros but has a pouch like a kangaroo. These are the vital specifications of one of the strangest prehistoric beasts known. Henceforth, thanks to Ruben A. Stirton, professor of paleontology at the University of California, scientists will learn a lot more about the diprotodon than the few fragmentary facts which, in the past, enabled them to put together only a vague sort of pass-port picture.

For months Stirton has been poking around in the dry northeastern corner of South Australia, in a place where fossil

bones had been reported. Last week, back in Adelaide, he told about a major find: the skeletons of 500 to 1,000 diprotodons, entombed just beneath the desert surface. He brought back one skeleton, the first ever found complete, and parts of two others.

When Australia was first cut off by the sea from the rest of the world many million years ago, its only mammals were marsupials, whose young are born tiny and undeveloped and must be nursed along in a pouch. The primitive marsupials were probably like modern opossums. But they had Australia to themselves, and, protected from the competition of the fiercer placental mammals, they evolved in many directions and duplicated almost every type that the placentals produced in other parts of the world. Besides the familiar kangaroos (equivalent in habits to deer or antelopes), there are still pouched carnivores and pouched marsupial moles.

The diprotodons, the marsupial equivalents of large, slow-moving, herbivorous beasts such as tapirs, lumbered offensively through the lush vegetation that covered Australia at the end of the last glacial period, and they managed to stay alive long enough to be seen and possibly eaten by the first primitive men to reach Australia. But Australia began to have the long droughts that it still suffers today, and this was hard on the diprotodons, which were neither bright nor adaptable.

A herd of them, searching desperately for water, must have lumbered out on the baked floor of a dried-up lake. The crust broke and lowered them into soft, smothering clay. Then sediment covered their skeletons and preserved them perfectly. There, Dr. Stirton came upon remains of the great, out-of-date beasts, some of them with their legs doubled under them as they waited for death. He hopes that more digging will turn up, among other things, the delicate skeletons of baby diprotodons that were smothered in their mothers' pouches when they sank into the mud.

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The details of Anaconda’s activities would be of interest primarily to big users of metals. But the fact of the program is of importance to everyone; for by such forward-looking moves as these, Anaconda and all metal producers are insuring that there will be metals aplenty for the new products that tomorrow’s living promises.

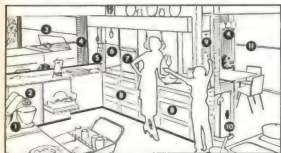
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ART

Masters from the Arctic

The show was almost lost in the carnival of coronation, but when London's gallerygoers finally got around to it, they came in droves. Instead of the familiar thorny abstractions, one of London's most advance-guard galleries last week was exhibiting 61 primitive carvings that were as fresh and clean as a stand of clover. The artists: Eskimo tribesmen from Canada's vast Arctic territories, showing their work in Europe for the first time.

Out of Igloos. The Eskimo sculptures looked strikingly modern. Yet where most moderns can only try to imitate the power of primitive art—the caricature-like simplification, the economic, almost childlike use of detail—the Eskimo sculptors showed a force that set their work apart from the most sophisticated studio products. Without even elementary training in art, working by flickering lamps in their igloos, and using only the simplest tools on bone, ivory and the green, grey or black rocks of their Arctic home, the Eskimos told of what they knew: the dull strength of a musk ox, its heavy head lowered on thick shoulders; the rubbery, spreading massiveness of a sunning seal; the graceful curves of an otter's sleek body.

Their human figures were even more striking. Though none was more than 7½ inches high, they managed to give a sense of bulk: a muffled hunter bends, awkward and burdened, in his fur parka; an Eskimo mother kneels with her child swaddled on her back.

London's critics poured on superlatives. Said *Art News and Review*: "Astonishingly subtle. These are works of art in the fullest meaning of the word." Added the *Manchester Guardian*: "Remarkable . . . Much of it is powerful enough to make the most fervent admirer of Henry Moore pause a moment and ask if there is not something to be said for sculptors who have no intellectual pretensions . . ." One enthusiastic collector at the packed gallery offered \$1,000 for a statuette of a seated *Spearman*.

Into the Trade. The credit for opening people's eyes to Canada's Eskimo artists goes to a Quebec artist named Jim Houston, 32, who first went to the Arctic in 1948. Fascinated by the exquisite little figures he saw, Houston brought back a few examples, persuaded the nonprofit Canadian Handicrafts Guild to put Eskimo carvings on sale. They sold like hotcakes, and each year Houston traveled north for more supplies. Later, the guild put out booklets filled with helpful advice to the Eskimo artists. Sample: "Man throwing harpoon, or spearing through ice . . . If they are carefully carved and polished, the *kabloona* [white man] will buy them."

Wisely, Artist Houston has not tried to teach the Eskimos the *kabloona's* styles. Says Houston: "The Eskimo carves the way he feels he should carve, and



By Sheejuik of Cape Dorset
ESKIMO'S "WOMAN KNEELING"
Something for the kabloona.

he doesn't feel inferior simply because his work doesn't conform with accepted standards." So far, Houston has brought back nearly 30,000 tiny works from the Far North; the guild sells them at prices ranging from 50¢ to \$200, and the demand in the trade is greater than the supply. Edinburgh and Paris have both asked for the London exhibit, and there are plans for U.S. exhibits later this year at the University of Michigan, M.I.T. and Indiana University.



POTTER GILBERTSON & WORK
Secrets from the Temmoku.

Classics in Clay

One notable weakness of most contemporary art has been the decline in artistic craftsmanship. Among the exceptions to the rule is a lanky Santa Fe potter named Warren Gilbertson, 42, who combines the artist's soaring imagination with the craftsman's practical knowledge of his tools. Last week he was demonstrating the fact anew with a series of glowing vases, cups and bowls which looked extraordinarily like China's classic Sung dynasty Chien-yao ware (better known by its Japanese name: Temmoku).

Dappled Gleam. Ceramists have long guessed that the purplish Temmoku glazes with distinctive "oil spots" must require a combination of natural clays rich in iron, fused with something like wood ash. If cooled down quickly after baking, such a mixture is shot through with spots or streaks. But while a spotty glaze is the easiest thing in the world to obtain, the Temmoku glaze with a deep, dappled gleam is apparently one of the hardest. The secret of making it has been lost for about 750 years. Experimenting over the past few months with a variety of natural clays and fusing materials, Gilbertson finally managed to produce a glaze almost indistinguishable from the Temmoku. Says he of his formula: "It's my secret now."

Gilbertson's success as an artist craftsman results partly from his diligence as a student. He first studied ceramics at Chicago's Art Institute and at Carnegie Tech. Later he got a master's degree at New York State's College of Ceramics. Not content with formal training, Gilbertson also sat at the feet of Pueblo Indian squaws to learn their pottery methods. Then he crossed the Pacific and apprenticed himself for two years to Konjiro Kawai, a ceramist much honored in Japan.

Bronze Ring. One of the last Americans to leave Japan before Pearl Harbor, Gilbertson enlisted in the Navy and was sent straight back to the Orient as an intelligence officer. After the war he stayed on for a year in Korea. Throughout his adventures, Gilbertson kept exploring the secrets of his craft. "In the Orient," he explains, "you can always find people who share your passion for ceramics and will discuss them by the hour. China has as many collectors of ceramics as we have chamber music fans."

For the last three years Gilbertson has worked by himself in a small adobe studio in Santa Fe. He has invented such surprising objects as ceramic bells which ring like bronze, and such bestsellers as oval flowerpots for use on narrow city windowsills. He keeps both his output and his prices low, makes a bare living from his work.

To keep his art up to snuff, Gilbertson constantly measures it against the few classic pieces he brought back with him from the Orient. Like them, Gilbertson's own ceramics are deceptively simple in form and subtle in color, with the kind of restrained beauty that soon overgrows the merely decorative.



PUBLIC FAVORITES (29): TITIAN'S "MAN WITH A FALCON"

The Joslyn Art Museum, on a hill in Omaha, Neb., opened its bronze doors 22 years ago. Its spacious galleries—donated by Boilerplate Heiress Sarah Seligson Joslyn—were built of more than a dozen different kinds of marble brought from all over the world and cost \$1,000,000. The permanent collection they housed was worth a fraction of that sum, and to make a properly splashy opening the museum had to borrow roomfuls of paintings from Manhattan. Today the collection stands on its own feet and is capped by the splendid Titian above, which a

recent poll proved the museum's public favorite. Sumptuous enough to outglow Roman travertine, the portrait blends liveliness with nobility in a way only Titian could manage.

Tiziano Vecellio was among the most fortunate of artists. For a teacher he had the reigning genius of Venice, Giovanni Bellini. For patrons he had popes, kings and the doges of his own great city. Without being too earnest about it, Titian worked hard for rich rewards all his life. Not until 1576, when he was 94, did a plague carry the old, old master off.

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MEDICINE

Patient 00-00-01

"To obtain the best results from laboratory research," said the U.S. Public Health Service, "there should be available a hospital to which patients suffering from a particular disease . . . could be admitted." That was in 1911, and it took a generation for PHS to get its plans to the blueprint stage. Last week in Bethesda, Md., the blueprint at length became reality: the spang-new Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health opened its door to patients.

First to arrive was a tall, aging Maryland farmer who got out of a car, clumped across the terrazzo-floored lobby, and was checked in as "Patient 00-00-01." On the twelfth floor, the farmer found himself in an air-conditioned, semi-private room (as

N.I.H. list is rheumatic fever, which can permanently damage the heart.

Life Comes First. N.I.H. Director William H. Sebrell summed up the center's purposes: "You don't get into this hospital just because you're sick. Medical care is incident to study here. We're not interested in rare, exotic diseases, but in those that damage and kill the most Americans." However, the patient's welfare comes first. If any of the center's 90 physicians has to choose between going on with research and immediate measures to save a patient's life or well being, he will ditch the research. And though each patient agrees, before admission, to submit to testing and research, he may quit and go home when he likes.

The doctors hope that patients will come back regularly for rechecks. For this



NATIONAL INSTITUTES' CLINICAL CENTER AT BETHESDA, MD.
In a pinch, the research is ditched.

are all the center's 250 rooms), done in robin's-egg blue, with figured draperies and bland modern furniture. His room had its own bath, outlets for radio and TV sets, and an intercom for talking to the nurses at their stations.

Hollywood Beds. Patient 00-00-01 was made comfortable in a hospital bed, and there he had a good lunch. If he had not needed bed rest for observation, he would have had a room with a Hollywood bed and a desk, and would have taken his meals in a dining room with settings for 26. By week's end the Clinical Center had admitted 22 patients, aged 14 to 71; six for cancer studies, eight with heart and artery diseases, two diabetics, four with arthritis and two for studies of blood distribution.

In the four decades in which the PHS has been planning its Clinical Center, the emphasis in medical research has switched from infectious diseases to the chronic, disabling illnesses which are estimated to afflict 25 million in the U.S. The subdivisions of the National Institutes of Health reflect the change: one each for cancer, heart disease, mental health, arthritis and metabolic diseases, neurological diseases and blindness. The only major infectious disease remaining high on the

reason, though there is no charge for care that may cost thousands. Director John A. Trautman would choose a well-heeled patient over a charity case with identical symptoms; the well-to-do are easier to keep track of for checkups. Admissions are arranged only by doctors and other hospitals; individual patients who apply are wasting their time.

To qualify as one of what Dr. Sebrell calls "the best-studied patients in the world," a victim of prostate cancer may have to agree to a routine in which his body wastes are collected for as long as three weeks, the enzyme content of his blood is checked each day, his blood pressure taken as often as every half-hour, and he may be dunked into a pool now and then to gauge the water content of his body. Some arthritis patients with a stubborn type of anemia will give blood which will be made radioactive before it is put back into their systems; thus the researchers can test a theory that the red blood cells are dying off faster than normal.

Dr. Trautman expects to take a year filling the \$64 million center to half its capacity and another year to fill it entirely. Eventually, for care of its patients and to man its 1,100 laboratory spaces, it will have 100 or more physicians and hun-

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dreds of other scientists in a total staff of 3,000. He expects no quick miracles. Against the common chronic diseases, unlimited research time at the patient's bedside is needed.

Double Blood

When Mrs. McK., 25, gave a pint of blood for Britain's National Blood Transfusion Service in Sheffield last March, the doctor and nurses who checked her saw nothing unusual. But when technicians typed the blood, they did a double take, and with good reason: Mrs. McK. was the first human being in medical history with a double set of blood groups. Her red cells were 61% type O and 39% type A.

Puzzled, the researchers asked Mrs. McK. whether she was a twin. No less puzzled by their apparent second sight, Mrs. McK. replied that she had had a twin brother, who died when three months old. That explained it, they figured; in the womb there had been a connection between the arteries of the fraternal twins, and Mrs. McK. had picked up some of her brother's blood-making cells.

In cattle, a female twinborn with a male is a freemartin, intersexed and usually sterile. Said the *British Medical Journal*: Mrs. McK. has had a child and is clearly feminine—no human freemartin.

Sleeping Award

At his window overlooking the Ogowe River in French Equatorial Africa, Physiologist-Philosopher Albert Schweitzer wrote in 1914: "Many a patient have I had come to me crying out: 'Oh, doctor! My head, my head! I can't stand it any longer; let me die!'... Sleeping sickness now prevails from the east coast of Africa right to the west, and from the Niger... to the Zambesi... Yet, where death already stalks about as a conqueror, the European states provide in most niggardly fashion the means of stopping it." To treat the disease, Dr. Schweitzer had only atoxyl, which he called "a frightfully dangerous drug."

But better ways to fight African sleeping sickness were already being developed. Back in 1906, Belgium's King Leopold II had offered a \$4,000 prize for a means of delivering his African subjects from "this terrible plague." Working not for the prize but for humanity, investigators at Manhattan's Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research began an intensive search for a cure. Drs. Walter A. Jacobs and Michael Heidelberger juggled chemical groups into new molecular combinations. In 1915, they found trypanamide. Physicians Wade H. Brown and Louise Pearce concluded from tests on animals that this was just what they needed.

Dr. Pearce took trypanamide to the Belgian Congo in 1920. At an experiment station in Leopoldville, she tried it on scores of suffering natives, found it both safer and far more effective than atoxyl. In the earlier stages of sleeping sickness, it can work a complete cure.

Last week, after sleeping on it for about 30 years, the Belgian government honored Leopold's pledge—and upped the award to



Canada Pictures

DR. PEARCE
Both Lion's Order and lion's share.

\$20,000. In Brussels, Dr. Pearce, 68, received from King Baudouin the lion's share of \$20,000 and was made an officer of the Royal Order of the Lion. To Drs. Jacobs and Heidelberger went \$2,000 each and the Order of Leopold II; to Dr. Brown's estate, his posthumous \$4,000; and to that of Britain's late Dr. H. W. Thomas, who helped to develop atoxyl, \$2,000. Despite the passage of years, no better drug than trypanamide has been found for the sleeping death.

Rice, Salt & Parenthood

Population planners and would-be controllers of human fertility have been stymied by an economic factor: many of the world's most densely packed peoples are so poor that they cannot afford the cheapest contraceptives. Last week the A.M.A. *Journal* reported that the planners' answer may have been found in ingredients ready to hand in the poorest mud hut.

Dr. Clarence J. Gamble of Milton, Mass., was testing 70 commercial contraceptive jellies and creams when he remembered that common salt was reputed to be a good sperm-killer. Dr. Gamble tried it in the test tube and it worked. He combined it with several jellies and it still worked. Finally he hit upon rice flour as a cheap base material, widely available.

All that is necessary, Dr. Gamble believes, is to boil a handful of rice flour in a pan of water for half an hour with enough salt to make a 10% solution, and let it cool. The resulting jelly is now being tested by doctors in Japan, India and Pakistan.

Capsules

☞ Air conditioning which drops the temperature to 75° F. when the street temperature is 90° or more is bad, said the Northwestern National Life Insurance Co.'s medical adviser. Moreover, if the air is not dried it merely creates "a chilly sweatbath." Recommended air-condition-

ing settings: 80° with 50% humidity.

¶ In Mobile, Ala., New Orleans' famed Surgeon Alton Ochsner was asked what he thought of socialized medicine. His reply: "We already have it . . . in the free care of patients who are unable to pay for hospital care. What I am against is federal medicine, not because of its prospective effect on doctors, but because of the effect it would have on the type of care that patients would receive under Government control of the medical profession."

¶ Paul Delaney of Nahant, aged 5½ months, set a record at the Massachusetts Eye & Ear Infirmary by becoming its youngest patient to wear glasses. He has already had operations to remove cataracts which were present in both eyes at birth, is now expected to develop "workable vision."

¶ Health officers in Montgomery County, Ala. proclaimed that the great gamma-globulin inoculation campaign (TIME, July 13) had been a success: only six new polio cases had been reported in the week. Actually, the promptness of the sharp decline indicated that the whole costly program might have been unnecessary: the outbreak was probably dying out naturally since gamma globulin, so far as is known, could not bring such quick results.

MILESTONES

Born. To Robin Roberts, 26, the Philadelphia Phillies' pitching ace, and Mary Kalnes Roberts, 25; their second child, second son; in Abington, Pa. Name: Don Stephen. Weight: 9 lbs. 13 oz.

Married. José Ferrer, 41, actor-producer-director of stage and screen (*Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Moulin Rouge*, *The Strike*); and Songstress Rosemary Clooney, 25 (*Come On-a My House*); he for the third time, she for the first; in Durant, Okla., six days after Ferrer's previous wife, Broadway Actress Phyllis Hill, 32 (*The Fifth Season*), divorced him in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico.

Died. Titta Ruffo, 75, famed Italian baritone and onetime (1921-29) Metropolitan Opera star; of angina pectoris; in Florence, Italy. Son of a Pisan ironworker, Baritone Ruffo turned from blacksmithing to opera, during three decades earned critical raves and \$1,750,000 before he retired in 1933.

Died. Irene Temple Bailey, 84, prolific, bestselling writer of high-flown romance (e.g., *Wallflowers*, *Little Girl Lost*); in Washington, D.C.

Died. Frankie Bailey, 94, the original "girl with the million-dollar legs" (no kin to Author Temple Bailey, above); in Los Angeles. She first caused a sensation at the turn of the century in Weber & Fields musicals, wearing full-length tights and a plumed hat. At 63 she vainly tried to crash the movies, lived her last years in penniless obscurity.

TIME, JULY 20, 1953



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BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Biggest Boom

This year is well on its way to being the biggest boom year of all. So the Joint Congressional Economic Committee on the Economic Report last week estimated on the basis of reports for the first six months. Items:

¶ Gross national product (value of all goods and services) in the second quarter was at an annual rate of \$163 billion, highest on record, v. \$361 billion in the first quarter and \$346 billion for all of 1952.

¶ Consumer spending, at an annual rate of \$226 billion in the first three months, climbed to a \$228 billion rate in the second quarter.

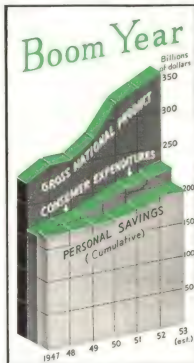
¶ Personal income of U.S. citizens in May reached an annual rate of \$284 billion, up \$1 billion from April. For the first five months of the year, personal income was 7% higher than in the first five months last year.

¶ Steel production reached a new high of 57,960,457 tons during the first six months of 1953, more than 5,000,000 tons higher than the previous record for any half year.

¶ New construction in the first half of 1953 hit \$16 billion, highest level in history. Even new residential building hit a new peak, in spite of the tightening of mortgage money and a drop in building in May.

¶ Students streaming out of schools and colleges went to work, and June employment jumped 1,500,000 to a record total of 63,172,000.

There were some pessimistic figures. Inventories reached a record \$78 billion, up \$4 billion from a year ago. And though the Commerce Department saw nothing to worry about, since the ratio of sales to inventories was the same as last year, many a businessman was not so sure. If



True Chart by V. Puplin

sales fall off much, then some inventories might well prove too high, and businessmen short of cash might have to unload in a hurry. In some areas, sales would certainly fall. Farm income was on the way down, and sales of farm equipment were slipping. Nevertheless, most businessmen were optimistic about the rest of the year. Of 1,281 businessmen surveyed by Dun & Bradstreet, six out of ten expected that this year's fourth-quarter sales would be higher than last year's.



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ARMAMENT

Cutback

The Army last week announced big cutbacks in tanks and trucks under its program to concentrate defense production among primary suppliers as military stockpiles are built up. The total cuts including earlier ones will amount to about \$100 million a month.

¶ The Patton M-48 medium tank, now being built by Chrysler, General Motors and Ford, will be built by only one of the three. Ford is already scheduled to stop production by year's end; Chrysler and G.M. will submit bids by August on the remaining M-48s to be built, with the loser stopping M-48 output next March.

¶ The M-47 medium tank, as had been scheduled, will go out of production altogether. Chrysler's output will stop in November. American Locomotive's next spring.

¶ Output of air-cooled tank engines, now being supplied by Avco, Continental Motors in Muskegon, Mich., and a Chrysler-operated Government plant at New Orleans, will be concentrated entirely in Continental Motors, original designer of the engines.

¶ G.M. and Reo Motors, which both produce 2½-ton trucks, will bid against each other for the job later this month. The loser will stop production by next January. Studebaker is scheduled to be "phased out" of the program by September.

¶ By a similar bidding procedure, the job of building five-ton cargo trucks, now done by Mack, International Harvester and Diamond T, will be given to only one of the three.

In announcing the cuts, the Army showed how it hopes to preserve broad-based mobilization for any new national emergency. The government plant that is closed down will remain intact, with all machine tools left in place. Private plants may be reconverted to civilian production, but the Army will buy or lease land near some of them, and build warehouses to store and maintain the machine tools until needed again.

RETAIL TRADE

Boomtowns on the Byways

On 70 acres in Yonkers, N.Y. last week, builders were working on a \$30 million shopping center, the biggest in the East. The Cross County Center, seven miles from Manhattan, will contain one of the biggest supermarkets (First National Stores) ever built on the Eastern Seaboard and a \$5,500,000 Gimbels' branch, its first in the New York area. The 5,400-car parking lot will be big enough to handle 25,000 cars a day.

Such huge new developments are the logical outgrowth of the traffic jams, parking woes, and decaying rapid-transit systems that are choking U.S. cities. The shopping centers first sprung up haphaz-

TIME CLOCK

ardly around supermarkets. Now they cluster around department stores and have become big, new "one-stop" shopping centers. They are informal (women in slacks cause no raised eyebrows), have day nurseries for children, and generally stay open until 9 at night six days a week. They are the modern bazaar, where whole families can not only do their buying together but have an evening of fun.

At Columbus' \$10 million, 40-acre Town & Country center. Builder Don Casto entertains with strolling singers, trapeze artists and high divers. At Boston's Shoppers' World, customers are offered free dog and fashion shows, square dances twice a week, band concerts, fireworks.

Such lively doings have made the shopping centers magnets for money. The Equitable Life Assurance Society alone has sunk more than \$20 million into three centers: Seattle's Northgate, Boston's Shoppers' World, San Francisco's Stonestown. Last week the Commerce Department attributed the 43% rise in commercial building outlays so far this year mainly to new shopping centers. Among the newest:

¶ The \$40 million River Park center, planned for a 90-acre site just off the Schuylkill Expressway near Philadelphia's city line. When it is completed, it will have a hotel, three 770-unit apartment buildings and an office building, each twelve stories high, 70 shops, and parking for 6,000 cars.

¶ Oakland's \$20 million Bay-Fair shopping center, to be built around a new Macy's branch store, the chain's fourth in the San Francisco area. East Bay will have 100 competing stores (including another yet undetermined department store).

¶ Milwaukee's \$15 million, 105-acre Westgate shopping center, which will contain Gimbel's and Marshall Field department stores, an office building, and parking for 7,500 cars.

¶ Stanford University's \$15 million, 60-acre Palo Alto, Calif. project, where three San Francisco department stores (The Emporium, I. Magnin and Roos Brothers) will build branches.

¶ Cleveland's \$20 million Westgate Center, which will have two supermarkets, two banks, and a branch of Halle Bros. department store.

The shopping centers have drawn consumers' dollars even more speculatively than they have the promoters'. Los Angeles' \$100 million Lakewood Center, opened two years ago but only one-fourth finished, already rings up about \$50 million in annual sales. San Francisco's Stonestown (see cut), one year old this week, is expected to gross \$30 million annually by the end of next year. Not only do many of the stores average more business per square foot of floor space than their best in-town competition, but with 10-14% lower operating costs, they also net a much higher profit.

BUSINESSMEN who thought that Attorney General Brownell would ease up on antitrust prosecutions are in for a surprise. In five months, Brownell's men have filed 19 new cases, twice as many as the busy Democrats filed in their last five months in office, and the Republicans have yet to dismiss a single one of the 136 cases they inherited. The biggest change: bureau chiefs have at last been put on notice to get quick decisions on all old cases, some of which have been hanging fire for more than ten years.

MOVIE MEN have put so much pressure on Congressmen to revoke the 20% tax on movie admissions that the House is likely to pass a repeal bill, even though theater owners have no intention of passing the estimated \$200 million saving on to ticket buyers. But the bill will have tougher going in the Senate, which fears demands that excise taxes on jewelry, furs and luggage also be dropped.

BEST buy at August white sales will be fitted "contour" sheets, which usually sell at a premium over flat sheets. Reason: manufacturers are cutting prices below flat sheets to move big overstocks.

CONRAD Hilton, who leased Columbus, Ohio's Deshler-Wallick Hotel two weeks ago and will spend \$1,200,000 to improve it, this week opened the Castellana Hilton in Madrid, and is now ready to start construction on his \$15 million Beverly Hilton in Beverly Hills, Calif.

AGRICULTURE Secretary Benson, who has already put acreage controls on next year's wheat crop, may have to restrict 1954 corn plantings as well. On top of big surpluses, farmers are expected to harvest more than 3.3 billion bushels of corn, the second largest crop on record.

SECOND-QUARTER earnings will be well above last year. Harbingers of the good reports to come: Monsanto, which earned \$2.51 a share

v. \$2.05 in 1952's first six months; Chesapeake & Ohio, which reported \$2.73 a share, up 14¢ from 1952.

HOUSEWIVES can expect to pay more for coffee next month because of frosts which nipped Brazil's coffee trees, damaged up to 80% of the 1954 coffee crop in some areas (see Latin America). Though this year's crop was not hurt, coffee roasters have hiked wholesale prices 3¢ a lb. just the same, in expectation of higher wholesale prices next year.

DOUGLAS Aircraft's Chief Designer E. H. Heinemann last week predicted that U.S.-built jet passenger planes will fly 500 m.p.h. by 1960, 600 m.p.h. by 1970, and ultimately 1,000 m.p.h. (at 35,000 ft.), but that there will probably be no atomically powered passenger jets until after 1975.

BROKERAGE fees for traders on the New York Stock Exchange are expected to go up an average 15% this fall after members approve the boost to help them offset the rising cost of doing business.

CALIFORNIA'S mushrooming electronics industry, grown in ten years from 30 companies doing \$25 million to 186 that will gross \$700 million this year, expects its annual sales to reach \$1 billion by 1957.

WEST Germany's first postwar airline, "Luftag," hopes to start European flights next year and to open routes to North America by 1955. Last week it began rounding up equipment, will buy some twelve Convair-Liner 340s for short hauls, and four \$1,700,000 Lockheed Super Constellations for transatlantic service. It was a big victory for U.S. aircraft makers over the British, who have been high-pressureing Lufthansa to buy Comet III jets.

AMERADA Petroleum Corp. has struck a new pool in the Williston Basin (TIME, Dec. 1). Its No. 1 May well come in near Fryburg, N. Dak., 50 miles from its nearest well.

INDUSTRY

Collusion or Costs?

When major oil companies raised the price of crude oil 25¢ a bbl. last month, and retail price increases for gasoline and home-heating oils followed, New Jersey's Republican Charles A. Wolverton, chairman of the House Committee on Interstate & Foreign Commerce, let out a yell.

What, he asked, could justify the price hikes at a time of "sustained high earnings" and when "stringent reduction of oil imports is being urged" because of a surplus and cutback in U.S. production? Since all the companies increased prices at almost the same time, he also suspected "collusion," called for an investigation.

The day after the hearings opened forty-eight days ago, the majors wiped out much of

the increase in heating-oil prices. Last week Atlantic Refining Co. and Esso Standard Oil took off the rest of the recent heating-oil price rise in states where competition was hottest, and the others were expected to do the same. Nevertheless, Hines H. Baker, president of the Humble Oil & Refining Co., stepped before the committee to make a case for the raise.

There has been no general increase in crude-oil prices since December 1947, said Baker, and prices in 1953 averaged slightly less than they did in 1948. Costs of labor have gone up 31%, and machinery costs and state production taxes have also risen. But the principal item of higher expense has been in "exploration." Humble Oil spent \$43,065,000 on digging dry holes last year, 62% more than in 1948. The average cost per completed well was \$160,-

ATOMIC POWER

A Job for Free Enterprise

In most predictions, commercial atomic power is usually about "ten years away." Businessmen—and many scientists—feel that commercial atomic power will always be "ten years away" unless some basic changes are made in U.S. policy. Under present law, only the Government can own uranium and plutonium. Since the Government's primary interest in atomic energy is military, it has done little to develop commercial uses. While there is a Government monopoly, private enterprise has no opportunity and no incentive to put its competitive genius to work to develop commercial power. Although President Eisenhower, the Atomic Energy Commission and businessmen all agree that the doors should now be opened to private enterprise, Congress has been in no hurry to amend the laws to make this possible.

At the start of the atomic age, the nation's security required that the Government have absolute control over the program. But many of the atomic secrets are secrets no longer: the Communists have long since learned them. In fact, too much secrecy is now hampering atomic development by preventing the free interchange of ideas.

To date, AEC has given private industry merely a peek. AEC information has been made available to five "study teams" from ten corporations so that they can judge the possibilities of commercial atomic power. But the companies can only look, not act. Even these companies have no incentive to explore the commercial possibilities. All their discoveries and patentable processes must be turned over to the U.S. Thus, though the Government has spent \$8.6 billion in its atomic program, industry has spent only a few millions. Businessmen and AEC agree that the Atomic Energy Act should be amended thus:

- Private companies should be permitted to own the fissionable materials needed to run their own reactors.
- Patents on nuclear discoveries made by companies with their own money should go to the private companies.
- Security restrictions should be relaxed to enable a freer flow of information between corporations to cut down duplications and wasted effort.

These recommendations have already brought rumblings of opposition on the ground that such a plan would be a "giant giveaway" of all the secrets of the atom. Actually it would be nothing of the sort, since the available information on commercial applications of the atom is extremely limited. In fact, a liberalization of the Atomic Energy Act would be a "give-

away" only of corporate funds; it would merely give the corporations an opportunity to gamble hundreds of millions in a field where there is still no guarantee of any return.

For most corporations, the cost of building a full-scale atomic power station will be prohibitively high—anywhere from \$50 million to \$100 million. Even groups of companies, working together, may need Government aid, not only in financing the reactor but in the form of a purchase contract for all the plutonium produced. At present, plutonium is the end product of a reactor, and the byproduct is heat. In commercial use, plutonium would be the byproduct, and heat from reactors to drive turbines to make the electricity would be the end product.

Charles A. Thomas, president of Monsanto Chemical Co., which has already spent \$250,000 investigating commercial uses of atomic energy, estimates that it would cost \$60 million to build a 125,000-kw. atomic power plant (about one-tenth of the power used by greater Boston). Of this sum, \$44 million would be the cost of a reactor for plutonium production and could come from the Government; the rest would be for the heat-transfer units, turbines, etc. for the power plant, and might come from private industry.

By basing the price of power on the \$16 million capitalization, Thomas estimates that power could be produced for as low as .003 cents per kw-h compared to .008 cents per kw-h for coal power. Since the return from electric sales would cut down the cost of making plutonium, the Government would get it cheaper than at present. Other businessmen, such as Detroit Edison's President Walker L. Cisl, insist that they need no Government help. As soon as Congress lets in private industry, Detroit Edison and 25 companies now joined with it in studying commercial atomic power are ready to stake upwards of \$50 million to build an atomic-power plant without Government help. The use of plutonium and other radioactive products for medicine, industry, etc., will increase so fast that there will be a growing market for all the plutonium they can produce. Atomic energy now costs the U.S. taxpayers \$1.8 billion a year, and there is little prospect that the burden will lessen under the present law. With private industry in the field, atomic energy will stop being only an enormous drain; commercial atomic projects will be taxable, and thus a source of revenue. And instead of being "always ten years away," industrial atomic power will be a reality.

500, up 29% from 1948. As for excess supplies, said Baker, the Defense and Interior Departments have repeatedly asked for a domestic reserve capacity of 1,000,000 bbls. a day, "as a matter of national security," and carrying such reserve capacity is expensive. Perhaps the oilmen's best argument for the raise was that, despite the enormous expansion in refining capacity, net profits of the industry have gone up only 3.3% since 1948.

BUSINESS ABROAD

China-Bound

If a Korean truce is signed, many a British businessman apparently expects the U.N. to lift its embargo on Chinese trade at once. Last week, in hopes of getting into China first, 16 visiting Britons signed "a business arrangement" in Peking with the Communist China National Import & Export Corp. for the exchange of \$84 million worth of goods.

The British agreed to sell such strategic items as metal, machinery, chemicals, electrical equipment and communications and transport equipment. In return they would get such articles as vegetable oil, egg products, tea, silk and handicraft products. A similar deal had been signed a month earlier by a French delegation.

The British Foreign Office and Board of Trade explained, in some embarrassment, that they had known of the visit to Peking but disapproved of it. The mission had been sent by an organization known as the British Council for the Promotion of International Trade, headed by leftist do-gooder Lord Boyd Orr, onetime head of the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization. But the fact remained that the council represented some 50 firms, including such industrial stalwarts as Austin Motor Co., Ltd., Crompton Parkinson Ltd. (electrical manufacturers), Brush Electrical Engineering Co., Ltd., Tube Investments, Ltd. and John Lysaghts, Ltd.

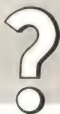
500,000 Beetles

At a sprawling plant in Wolfsburg, Germany, one day this month, workers tightened the last bolts on a beetle-like sedan, and rolled it off the production line. It was the 500,000th Volkswagen to be produced since the war.

Smashed by allied bombs in World War II, the Volkswagen company has made an impressive recovery under the leadership of Managing Director Heinz Nordhoff, who in prewar days ran a General Motors subsidiary in Germany (TIME, Aug. 25, 1952). Nordhoff boosted Volkswagen production from 20,000 in 1948 to an estimated 170,000 this year, made Volkswagen the biggest auto plant in Europe and a potent continental competitor for British, French and Italian cars. To catch foreign markets, he set up assembly plants in Brazil, South Africa and Ireland.

With his daily output at 700 cars, up 16% from last year's average, Nordhoff has set a new goal. By adding a third production line, he hopes to boost daily output to 800 cars by year's end, is aiming for Volkswagen's millionth postwar car.

Scatterbrain



...not when you get her a MONROE



Head motion required on extra keyboard machine—head and eye must move constantly from one to the other; thoughts are scattered, work is harder, more complex.*



Head motion required on Monroe single keyboard machine; head motion is 4 1/2 times less! Thoughts are concentrated; work is easier, more efficient, more accurate.*

Figure on cutting *your* calculating costs. Figure on seeing your Monroe representative soon. Just telephone your local office. It'll pay you.

*Tracer light photos made by U. S. Testing Co. on the same routine figure problem show how much less work is required to operate Monroe's single keyboard.

Don't blame the poor girl if hard-to-work keyboards make calculating costs soar. Could be, she's worn out with all the unnecessary physical motion required to operate extra keyboard machines. She'll have a much easier time keeping her thoughts together, and fewer headaches, when she uses a Monroe.

It's simple arithmetic. The Monroe fully automatic calculator eliminates countless separate operations, drastically reducing the amount of physical effort required. Obviously this involves less hand work. And, equally important for the operator, it *greatly cuts down on head motion*. That's the tiring part of extra-keyboard operation; that's where errors creep in—the slips betwixt the hand and the head!

So, by cutting down on all motion, Monroe means *less operator fatigue, more efficient, accurate work. You get more output at less cost.*

Another big Monroe exclusive: all zeros and decimals are handled automatically on the single keyboard!



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*America
does business on*

NEKOOSA BOND

America's leading printers and lithographers will tell you that Nekoosa Bond takes a perfect impression on their presses—just as it makes a perfect impression on your customers. Specify Nekoosa Bond—in clean, bright-white and eleven attractive colors—for your letterheads, envelopes and most other business forms.

*Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Co.
Port Edwards, Wisconsin*

BOND
Nekoosa
MADE IN U.S.A.



... it pays to plan
with your printer

FASHION

Old Hat

What the U.S. needs, said David Weisberg, president of the Millinery Merchandising Executive Association last week, is a hat that will make "last year's best hat utterly obsolete."

"I have felt," said he, "that one of the reasons why the millinery business has not kept pace is that since the war we have had nothing as radical as the Empress Eugénie silhouette,* which made every existing fashion as dead as the dodo . . . "Something completely different . . . is wanted, with an obligation to continue the creation of these new and different things that will constantly drive into the memories of the past last year's hat."

HIGH FINANCE

Café Society Broker

In café society, Broker J. (for James) Arthur Warner, 52, has long cut quite a figure. A wavy-haired frequenter of Manhattan's Stork Club and other elegant pubs, he numbered among his friends such leading lights as Walter Winchell, Ginger Rogers and Cinemogul Joseph Schenck. By café society standards, Warner really arrived two years ago when his second wife, a beautiful Hollywood B-movie player named Kay Buckley, walked out after exactly 21 days of marriage, with a wedding present of \$100,000 in cash.

In Wall Street, Warner had arrived long before. The son of a Boston house painter, he worked his way through New York University, graduated with honors, and in 1932 set up a brokerage house of his own in Manhattan, later branching out into New England. Specializing in "over-the-counter" securities, J. Arthur Warner & Co. flourished, became one of the nation's biggest dealers in unlisted securities, with assets of \$8.5 million.

But for Warner, 1951 was a bad financial as well as marital year. Acting on complaints from some of his customers, the Securities and Exchange Commission started investigating him and his company, turned over its findings to the Justice Department. Last week in Boston, a federal grand jury returned a 70-count indictment against Warner, two of his office managers and seven of his salesmen.

Core of the indictment: Warner and his associates had traded "customers in & out, and in again, at frequent intervals . . . and at net losses to the customers." J. Arthur Warner & Co. had thereby indulged in the "fraudulent practice known . . . as 'churning,' by means of which a large part of the customers' invested capital was taken . . . in the form of repeated commissions, charges and profits."

A favorite Warner & Co. trick, said the indictment, was to advise customers to buy stocks that were about to declare a dividend, then trade them out when the stock went ex-dividend, without explaining

* An ostrich-plumed hat of the early '30s, usually worn at a rakish angle, which almost completely hid one eye.



DOLORES COSTELLO & "EMPRESS EUGÉNIE"

Too little change.

that the price had fallen by the amount of the dividend. Thus the customers broke even in the market but actually lost money because of Warner's commissions.

The grand jury did not undertake to estimate how many of J. Arthur's customers had been bilked of how much. But five of them have already filed suit to recover a total of \$270,000.

MODERN LIVING

Old Indian Trick

For centuries the Indians of Latin America have wrapped their tough, fresh-killed meat in leaves from the papaya tree before cooking it. They never knew why, but the leaves made the meat ten-



J. ARTHUR WARNER
Too much turnover.

International



...then ARMCO developed a SPECIAL-PURPOSE STEEL



Back in the days of the "tin sink" and wooden icebox, Armco developed a new kind of sheet metal.

Unlike ordinary metals, this one would take a smooth, glistening porcelain enamel finish and hold it for a lifetime! It enabled manufacturers to make attractive, durable porcelain enameled products for your home.

You'll see the beauty of porcelain enamel on many

things you buy—kitchen sinks and table tops, ranges and refrigerators, bathtubs and lavatories.

If the metal underneath is Armco, you'll know it's a special steel. And you'll find the porcelain enamel surface is smooth and flawless—easy to keep clean.

The Armco trademark on products made of steel means extra value, extra satisfaction for you.

ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO • THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION, WORLD-WIDE

YOU'RE MONEY AHEAD WITH PRODUCTS MADE OF ARMCO SPECIAL-PURPOSE STEELS



McLouth Steel Corporation

\$56,000,000
First Mortgage
4¼% Sinking Fund Bonds
Due 1972

\$8,000,000
5¼% Income Convertible
Notes Due 1982

Direct placement of the First Mortgage Bonds has been completed and, subject to the terms and conditions of Purchase and Loan Agreements, certain institutional investors have entered into a commitment to purchase the Income Convertible Notes.

Underwriter Distributor
Dealer
Investment Bonds
and Stocks



The
**FIRST BOSTON
CORPORATION**

New York Boston Pittsburgh
Chicago Philadelphia
Cleveland San Francisco

der, kept in its juices. For decades scientists have known why: papaya leaf and the juice of the papaya fruit contain an enzyme which breaks down protein tissue in the same way as the stomach's digestive juices.

Despite this knowledge, dozens of attempts to make and sell commercial meat tenderizers made from papaya had little success, for the simple reason that users could not control the reaction. Most of the tenderizers were liquid solutions of papaya extract. Housewives soaked the meats until they tasted as if they had already been "digested"—which they had. But last week meat tenderizers in powder form were one of the fastest-selling items in U.S. stores.

The biggest seller of all, Adolf's Meat Tenderizer, pioneered the new method of utilizing the papaya enzyme. Its promoters, two Hollywood ex-servicemen named



Murray Garrett—Graphic House

TENDERIZERS DEUTSCH & RIGLER
For chuck steak, a papaya.

Lloyd Rigler and Larry Deutsch, first encountered it in a mixture prepared by Adolf Remp, a Los Angeles steakhouse chef whose steaks were unusually tender. They bought his formula for \$10,000, worked out a way to blend the papaya extract with ordinary salt, which could be sprinkled evenly—and in visible amounts—on the meat. Rigler and Deutsch went about the U.S. inviting jaded food editors, who were cynical about all such preparations, to try theirs. In surprise, the editors began writing enthusiastically that "it really worked," made a cheap chuck steak as tender and nearly as flavorful as a sirloin, a tough stewing hen tender enough to broil. In three years Adolf's sales have risen to \$3,000,000 a year.

The scramble brought in many a competitor, such as Atlanta's Artie's Meat Tenderizer, made by Nu-Way Foods Co. Two months ago came a newcomer: Chicago's Wyler & Co., well-known maker of

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Please send information on your heating

to find the answer
to your heating problems

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the world's largest selling
GAS UNIT HEATER

**DON'T
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YOUR TRUCKS

National

TRUCK LEASING SYSTEM

33 EAST JACKSON BOULEVARD
CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

Monitors in principal cities

ReLEASE
invested
capital!

Send for bulletin E-20



When FIRE strikes..

Reach for
SCIENCE'S "MIDGET
MIRACLE"

PRESTO
FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Almost Two Million Already Sold!
ONLY \$3.98 • DOUBLE CAPACITY \$5.95



To help you keep well-informed

TIME has its own news bureaus in:





Henry P. Cowen, President of MacGregor Golf Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, asks an unusual question:

"Which club is worth \$8,000?"

"Jack Burke was teed off!

"He was leading the Texas Open after two red-hot rounds. Then a souvenir-hound stole a custom-made 11-iron from his bag. Without that MacGregor 'Double Duty' iron, he was in trouble!

"He sent us a desperate telegram at Cincinnati. We called Air Express — and a duplicate club was in his hands the next morning!

"He went on to win the Texas Open and three more tournaments in quick succession. His new MacGregor 11-iron (6th from the right) was worth \$8,000 in prize money — thanks to Air Express!

"Jack and our other staff professionals are the 'proving ground' for MacGregor golf equipment. Keeping these famous players supplied as they move from tournament to tournament could be a tough job. But Air Express reaches them quickly—wherever they are.

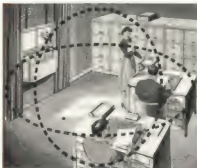
"Demands of tournament committees, pro shops and retailers keep us calling on Air Express day in and day out. Air Express has never failed us. Yet costs on most of our shipments are actually *lower* than other air services.

"We save money by specifying the fastest service — Air Express!"

It pays to express yourself clearly. Say Air Express! Division of Railway Express Agency.



Now walk into a cool
office every morning with a
Frigidaire "Twin"
Room Air Conditioner



**So thrifty you can leave
it on overnight**

Enjoy exclusive Great Circle Cooling from 9 to 5. See how Frigidaire twin models give you two room air conditioners in one for outstanding economy and truly flexible performance.



ONE Meter-Miser cooling unit operates in moderate weather or at night, if desired, for complete cooling, dehumidifying, filtering, at half the cost.



TWO Meter-Misers team up on hottest days to double cooling power economically. Cool, dehumidify, filter, exhaust stale air. Meter-Misers warranted 5 years. See your dealer or write Frigidaire, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ont.



The perfect answer for home comfort, too

Frigidaire 
Room Air Conditioners
BUILT AND BACKED BY GENERAL MOTORS

Frigidaire has the most complete line of air conditioning and refrigeration products in the industry



NIAGARA POWER SITE
Over the falls in a barrel.

soups and seasonings. Heartened by the big market, the rivals are now scrambling for new products. Adolf's has just brought out a salt substitute, and is planning to blend the substitute with the tenderizer for people on salt-free diets.

UTILITIES

Private-Power Victory

For three years, five New York State utility companies* have wanted to build a \$400 million hydroelectric plant to harness the Niagara River (TIME, June 16, 1952). But getting permission to go ahead was as grueling as negotiating the falls in a barrel. Public-power interests, which want federal agencies to do the job, blocked them: New York's Governor Thomas Dewey insisted that Niagara development ought to be a state responsibility.

Last week the utilities won an important victory. In Congress, the House passed a bill approving the utilities plan. But a group of Senators warned that they will try to block the bill on the Senate floor.

Unlike great river-valley projects such as TVA and Bonneville, Niagara development does not involve flood control, irrigation or reclamation; the only big issue is whether private or public power is to develop Niagara's 1,500,000 potential kilowatts. The utilities insist that they can build a hydroplant for millions less than the Government or the state, and without dipping into federal funds. Their rates would probably be slightly higher than those set by public power, but the difference would be repaid with \$23 million a year in taxes, which public projects do not have to pay.

* Consolidated Edison, Central Hudson Gas & Electric, Niagara Mohawk Power, New York State Electric & Gas and Rochester Gas & Electric, which together serve 90% of New York State.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Unbaited Breath. For henpecked husbands—and others who don't dare smell of liquor—Merchants Distilling Corp. of Terre Haute, Ind. put on the market vodka with a dash of chlorophyll to kill any breath odor. The first 1,000 cases of green "Vodka-fyll" sold out in Los Angeles in three weeks. While it works well for virtually tasteless vodka, chlorophyll is less practical in gin, Scotch, rye, etc.

Stiffener. A new boxingmask and panel material that combines the stiffness and strength of wood with the smoothness and lightweight of fiber cartons was brought out by Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. Called "Fly-Vener," it is made of Douglas fir veneer sandwiched between thin layers of Kraft container board. Price of paneling, about 3¢ a sq. ft.

Three Stockings. In their biggest premium campaign to date, Lever Bros. Co. offered three Cannon nylon stockings ("pair and a spare") for \$1, plus one "economy" box top or two "large" box tops from one of their packaged products. Last week 4,000 to 7,000 letters a day were pouring in, and the company expects to be getting 20,000 a day by August.

Packaged Meals. A foil-wrapped package of dehydrated and concentrated foods that will feed four people for a day was put on sale by Bernard Food Industries, Inc., Chicago. A 9-lb. pack, when mixed with water, expands into 25 lbs. of food (griddlecakes, soup, stew, biscuits, etc.), plus salt shaker, cup, pot cleaners and a first-aid tube with a medicant that can be used for everything from insect bites to shaving cream. Price: \$9.

Wool Washer. A cold water British soap for woolsens ("Woolite") which minimizes shrinking was put on sale in the U.S. by Honey Harbour Co. Ltd., Washington, Conn. Price: \$1.50 per 1-lb. can.

"Why should it be called life insurance?"



*A message on some
special aspects of life insurance*

by **RAYMOND C. FIRESTONE**

Vice President,

Firestone Tire and Rubber Company

"THERE'S a saying, 'You have to die to benefit from life insurance.' That's far from true. In my view life insurance is aptly named. Like nothing else, it can bring a happier, better life to the man who owns it.

"Isn't there a real and important satisfaction, here and now, for the man who can feel that he has provided well for those dependent on him? Isn't that man better off who is free from major financial worry? Isn't he even more likely to succeed? It seems so to me.

"Another thing—the good life is rarely fulfilled without a certain amount of leisure. But leisure is something that most men must deny themselves throughout their active years. This is where the living benefits of life insurance are most enjoyed—when its values are used to help provide earned leisure at retirement time. Yes, life insurance is for the living."

RAVEN, OTTAWA

A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER. Like those of so many prominent business leaders, Mr. Firestone's personal investment program includes substantial life insurance with this company.

HOW LONG IS IT SINCE YOU HAVE REVIEWED YOUR LIFE INSURANCE PROGRAM?

Births, deaths, marriages, changing needs, shifting costs and taxes . . . all affect protection plans. A life insurance program needs review at least every two years.

You'll find real assistance when you call upon a Northwestern Mutual agent.

He is trained to give understanding advice. His company is one of the largest in the world. It has over 95 years' experience.

Moreover, Northwestern Mutual offers so many significant advantages, including low net cost, that no company excels it in that happiest of all business relationships—old customers coming back for more. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

The
NORTHWESTERN
MUTUAL
Life Insurance Company

MUSIC

Bad Boy at 53

Composer George Antheil, 53, onetime bad boy of modern music, no longer scores compositions for mechanical pianos and fire sirens, and has created no major musical scandal since his *Ballet Mécanique* nearly panicked Carnegie Hall in 1927.* Instead, he has been quietly sitting in his Los Angeles home, industriously turning out music that is remarkably easy to listen to. Last week he was on hand for the opening of his third opera, *Volpone*, in Manhattan's minuscule Cherry Lane Theater.

Patrons could see him, sitting in the front row, a small man who has a passing

dropped its best tunes before they were fairly started.

Composer Antheil shrugged off one or two critical critics ("The great American opera has yet to be written," reported the New York *Herald Tribune*). He was satisfied that his opera gets across to its audiences. In any case, Antheil does not have to make his living from his *Volpones* or from his symphonies (six so far, with a seventh in the works). His fiscal foundation: scoring an occasional Hollywood film. Besides writing crackerjack scores for such movies as *Specter of the Rose*, *The Sniper*, *The Juggler*, *In a Lonely Place*, Antheil admits that he is quietly fostering a reputation as a musical medicine man who can pull a loosely knit film together by music alone. "If I say so myself," he says, "I've saved a couple of sure flops." Since he has no wish to be tagged as a "Hollywood composer," he limits himself to two pictures a year.

In addition to his third opera, seventh symphony and a couple of film scores, Antheil has been busy recently on a violin concerto, piano sonatas and a string quartet. A few years ago he wrote his autobiography, *Bad Boy of Music*, in which he bade a fervent farewell to jangle, for a while even wrote a column of advice to the lovelorn for the Chicago *Sun* syndicate. But he has now given literature up, too. "It's silly for a composer to write a book," he says. "I'm just too busy to be sensational any more."

"Leave Them Down"

In a profession that specializes in novelty, Negro Chanteuse Joyce Bryant looks startlingly different. Her poodle-cut hair is dazzling silver, her inch-long fingernails are stained to match. Her dress is a backless, spangled sheath, and as she sings every inch of her lean body writhes feverishly. Last week, at 25, she was the headliner at Manhattan's Copacabana, and reaching for a spot among the top two or three Negro nightclub singers of the day.

With a voice that can be a shy soprano but is more often a belting baritone, Joyce Bryant seems to have trouble relaxing onstage. To her credit, she tries: after a sweltering bout with *Porgy*, she begins a blander number, e.g., *After You've Gone* or *You Made Me Love You*. But before the end of the first chorus, the song seems to take its own head, and her voice mounts until it sobs and gurgles on the edge of hysteria. Next moment she is off again on a frenzied version of *Tzena, Tzena, Tzena* or *Runnin' Wild*, finally plunges into the doleful depths of *Love for Sale*, her standard windup number.

Adventist in Los Angeles. "People tell me I should never end a show with such a sad number," she says. "Most entertainers end with a life-of-the-party number. No! me. I leave them way down. Sometimes I see people crying in the audience. I guess people like to cry."

Joyce finds it hard to explain where her

style came from. She never sang until five years ago, and she came from a San Francisco family of strict Seventh-Day Adventists. On her way to the Adventists' Oakwood College in Huntsville, Ala., she stopped off for a look at Los Angeles, visited a small nightclub, and landed a singing job after getting into an audience-participation act. She was the demure type in those days, with long hair and bouffant dresses—"real silly." She played such big rooms as Ciro's in Hollywood and New Jersey's Riviera with "moderate success."

Europe in the Making. Two years ago she developed a taste for "slinky, sexy" gowns, decided "I couldn't wear those gowns with long curls, so off came the hair." Then she had a screen test in an old-woman part, and "the silver in my



David Adler

COMPOSER ANTHEIL & FRIEND?
No more advice to the lovelorn.

resemblance to Peter Lorre, listening attentively to the music but with one ear cocked to audience response. For about two hours, the comedy went on, its performers (from the Punch Opera company) obviously enjoying their slightly hawdy roles. The score, with its occasional tang of dissonance and its shifting harmonies, sounded like slightly clouded Prokofiev, contained some lively ensemble passages and as large a share of waltzes as *Rosenkavalier*. If few listeners were carried away, it may have been because the plot of Ben Jonson's old comedy seemed pretty far removed from 1953 Manhattan, or perhaps because the music

* When an airplane propeller, installed for sound effects, also sent its formidable wash across the astounded audience.

† Fortuna, goddess of plenty, a prop from Antheil's *Volpone*.



Richard Meek

JOYCE BRYANT
People like to cry.

hair looked so good I decided to keep it as part of the new me." About the same time she made her first recording, a low-down ditty called *Drunk With Love*, which was immediately banned from the radio. "Most of my records are banned," she says with a slightly puzzled air. "Not dirty, just—banned."

And so, almost automatically, she became a belter. She found herself "living" every song she sang, and had to discard such gloomy numbers as *Stormy Weather* because "it ruined me and it ruined the audience."

Nowadays, she still has to revive herself after every performance with salt tablets, vitamins and warm water, still loses a pound or so every performance. But Belter Bryant thinks she has found herself, is solidly booked in the gaudiest U.S. spots, and has a European tour in the making.



*Technical Sergeant
Robert S. Kennemore, USMC
Medal of Honor*



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There was a violent, muffled explosion, but not a man was hurt. Not a man except Sergeant Kennemore. He had given both his legs to save

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CINEMA

Russian Import

A small but steady consignment of celluloid continues to cross the Iron Curtain westward. Russian movies, still shown in a handful of small U.S. theaters, are mostly party-line pageants, e.g., Sergei Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible* (which was practically rewritten by that supercolossal scenarist, Joe Stalin himself), and heavy footed musicals. But occasionally a good film comes out of Russia. One of the best in years is *Sadko* (Mosfilm; Artkino). Directed by Alexander Ptushko, who also did *Stone Flower* (TIME, Jan. 27, 1947), it is a hearty, grandly dressed and often beautiful version of the opera* that



ARTKINO—Sovfoto
SERGE STOLYAROV AS SADKO
More Blue Birds than Red birdies.

Rimsky-Korsakov made out of an old Russian fairy tale.

Sadko, as the tale is told, is a poor man of Novgorod whose heart aches for the sufferings of his people. One night he sings of their sorrows to the sea; and hearing him, the daughter of the Sea King rises through the waves, falls in love with him, and promises to help. In a bit of pre-Marxist fairy-tale socialism, she enables him to relieve a lot of capitalists of their money, which he promptly distributes to the poor. But, *Sadko* finds, while their souls now have all they can desire, their bodies still want. They are not happy. Whereupon *Sadko* and some brave friends (one young, one strong, one wise) set out to catch the bird of happiness. After many adventures, *Sadko* realizes that there is no such bird. "Woe to him," cries the wise friend, "who tries to grasp happiness by a conscious act!" "Happiness," *Sadko* tells his people on his return, "is here, at home."

* From which the pop record tune *Song of India* was lifted.

Thus the conclusion is much like that of Maeterlinck's great story. Occasionally, the makers of the film seem less concerned with catching the Blue Bird than with making the audiences watch the Red birdie. But on the whole, the film is relatively free of Communist blurs. The wonder is that the movie, with grace and sureness, finds images to portray the symbols that swarm beneath the surface of the story. *Sadko* is a spectacle—in adequate color—that need not pale beside Cecil B. DeMille. Dancers flash, warriors buffet, giant storms roll by with a verve that Hollywood can seldom induce. Above all, it is a spectacle that gives glimpses of the soul as well.

The picture has defects. The last scene slips feebly out of hand, and one whole long episode at the bottom of the sea is ludicrously out of sort and rhythm with the rest. Anna Lariionova is a bit bovine as the heroine, although Serge Stolyarov is a splendidly male and forthright *Sadko*. On the whole, by going back to Russian moods far older than Eisenstein or Stalin, this picture achieves an almost childlike air, dreamy, simple, and yet full of hints of ancient wisdom.

The New Pictures

The Sea Around Us [RKO Radio] is an attempt to do in pictures what Rachel Carson did with words in her bestseller about the eternal mother of the world, the sea. Picture for picture the feature-length film is quite as good as the book is word for word—there are glimpses of the green abyss of genesis that take the breath with their terror and loveliness. On this ground, there can be small quarrel with the Academy Award pronouncing *The Sea* the best Technicolor documentary made last year.

And yet, taken as a whole, the film is inferior to the book. For while Author Carson saw the sea as a poet might, with the inward eye, Director Irwin Allen sees it mostly through a very expensive anastigmatic lens. Though the movie is all about water, it strangely does not flow. The camera concentrates on episode after episode, like an observer stepping from tank to tank in an aquarium, not like a diver roaming through the stopless ocean.

Yet the individual episodes themselves are sometimes magnificently caught. There is the cold insanity of the wounded moray as it fights the spear, and glares hate from what is surely the most evil eye in creation. There is the merry jig of the infant octopus, no bigger than a finger, as it watches the underwater world it will inherit through the lucent membrane of its natal sac. There is the grave pavane of the beuffled nudibranchs, tiny fish that swirl among moving fronds like bright dancers in an oriental court. And there is the fish that walks, the fish that is nothing but a mouth, and the fish that shills for a poisonous anemone, luring other fish to their destruction; not to forget the oddly compelling sight of a giant mother turtle, still,

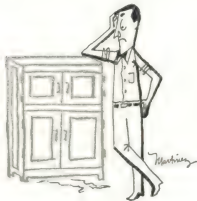


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At this point, the average movie plot might send the customers home, but this one goes right on to show Rugged Individualist Cooper falling in love with a native girl (charmingly played by U.S. Actress Roberta Haynes) who bears him a child out of wedlock.* Bored with light housekeeping in a grass hut, Cooper leaves the island, but returns during World War II and sees to it that his nearly grown-up daughter finds her Polynesian Mr. Right.

Old Cowhand Cooper's lean hips seem almost nude without a couple of trusty six-shooters, but the script allows him to remain as unbendingly oaken as ever in the face of all storms, meteorological as well as emotional, and he manages to make the tough, footloose sailing man reasonably credible. The picture's best feature: its richly authentic atmosphere. Filmed entirely in British West Samoa, the movie offers strikingly Technicolored views of the sea, the island and its people, swimming in their blue lagoon, climbing tall palms, and doing their intricately graceful Sasa, classical dance of Samoa. Unlike many other Hollywoodians at large in the South Seas, Director Mark Robson never permits his camera to leer at the native girls as if they were so many Dorothy Lamours, but tells the story with a simple directness that matches the islanders' disarming ways. And Composer Dimitri Tiomkin has written a haunting melody that should do as well as his *High Noon* theme on the juke boxes, even if it is not up to *South Pacific*.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. A wacky, freshly told Technicolored fantasy about a small boy who hates piano teachers (TIME, June 22).

Julius Caesar. Hollywood's best Shakespeare to date; with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud (TIME, June 1).

Strange Deception. An allegorical man-hunt with a postwar Italian setting, powerfully filmed by Novelist Curzio (*The Skin*) Malaparte (TIME, June 1).

Stalag 17. Director Billy Wilder's rowdily entertaining adaptation of the Broadway comedy-melodrama about a Nazi prison camp; with William Holden (TIME, May 18).

Fanfan the Tulip. A witty French spoof of the typical movie swashbuckler; with Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida (TIME, May 11).

The Juggler. Kirk Douglas as a D.P. in flight from the law and himself in a vivid chase story set in Israel (TIME, May 4).

Shane. A high-styled, Technicolored horse opera, strikingly directed by George Stevens; with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).

Call Me Madam. Ethel Merman spark-plugs a big, bouncy movie version of her Broadway hit musical about a diamond-in-the-rough lady ambassador (TIME, March 23).

* Although Hollywood's self-censoring production code specifically bans miscegenation,



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BOOKS

22 Lasting Stories

THE SCRIBNER TREASURY: 22 CLASSIC TALES (689 pp.)—Scribner (\$5).

This book contains some of the best reading likely to be published all summer. Most of its 22 stories were written before 1910.

The 107-year-old house of Scribner says that it has no special thesis in assembling them in one volume. Scribner simply searched through its files for classics and picked 22 written between 1881 and 1931. All the stories in the *Scribner Treasury* "won immediate public favor" when they first appeared, however, and the demand for them "has never ceased." Among the storytellers in the collection: Edith Wharton, John Galsworthy, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Ring Lardner and Sir James Barrie. Among the other Scribner storytellers notably passed over: F. Scott Fitzgerald, Thomas Wolfe and Ernest Hemingway.

In Edith Wharton's *Madame de Treymes*, a French woman who is not as bad as she seems undoes an American who is almost too good to be true. In Galsworthy's *The Apple Tree*, a middle-aged Englishman remembers a long-ago love affair and the dead Welsh girl who was too innocent-hearted for his propriety. In Page's *The Burial of the Gums*, the men of a Confederate battery decide what they must do after they hear the news of Appomattox. In Mary Andrews' *The Perfect Tribute*, Abraham Lincoln learns from a dying Southern captain that his speech at Gettysburg was not, after all, a failure. In tone, the stories range from Ring Lardner's deadpan barbershop talk in *Haircut* to the old-school flourishes of New Orleans' George W. Cable in *Madame Delphine*: "She was just passing 17—that beautiful year when the heart of the maiden still beats quickly with the surprise of her new dominion, while with gentle dignity her brow accepts the holy coronation of womanhood."

Scribner denies thesis but admits that the stories show something about writers and readers, at least up to the '30s: "They . . . believed firmly in standards of behavior, in right and wrong, in law and its opposite, disorder. They might differ in particulars, but the great ends of living were common in their thinking; and they were assured that literature, to have meaning, must offer not only a slice of life but a criticism of it."

Two Spinsters

THE SISTERS MATERASSI (316 pp.)—Aldo Palazzeschi—Doubleday (\$3.50).

For the better part of half a century, the Materassi sisters had dedicated their lives to the proposition that a pair of ladies' drawers, properly stitched, can be a thing of beauty. Teresa Materassi, in whom femininity had been buried like "a luxury she could not afford," did the stitching,



NOVELIST PALAZZESCHI
He understood the feeling.

Sister Carolina, in whom femininity had been attenuated to a harmless affectation, did the embroidery. In the entire region of Florence, no pair was so successful.

The sisters were no humelier than many women who had sewed up husbands, but their thoughts were wound around their work like thread around a spool. Spinsters at 50, they had never even been kissed.

Then Remo, their 14-year-old orphan nephew, came to live with them. Remo had beautiful eyes "framed in long and vigorous lashes." He would bend over them while they were working, and when they felt "his fresh, youthful, fruit-scented

breath on their necks and faces, a novel, unexpected feeling of well-being would run through them, bringing with it a swift intoxication, a slight giddiness." Neither of the old maids had the least idea what was creating such havoc in their dried-up bosoms.

But Italian Novelist Aldo Palazzeschi knew, and in *The Sisters Materassi*, first published in Italy 10 years ago, he handles the bewildered spinsters with a blend of irony and humor that is calculated to keep his readers smiling. It is a welcome summer change from the recent crop of grim, postwar Italian novels.

Abandoning themselves to the joy of raising Remo, the maiden aunts plan to make him an engineer, a millionaire, a deputy, a minister, and dream that he will rise "like a lighthouse . . . to illumine the world." But Remo has no head for study and no heart for work. What he doesn't know about women, however, can be written on the head of one of his aunts' pins. After stripping the sisters of their savings, land and farm, Remo marries a beautiful American pressure-cooker heiress and goes to live with her in New York. The blow is broken for the loving aunts when Remo tells them that he is not in love but has married for money.

Moreover, Remo has given them ten years of happiness, and, as they regain part of the fortune he squandered, they live in memories of the delightful past. In this they are greatly aided by a photograph of Remo in bathing trunks, blown up to two-thirds life size.

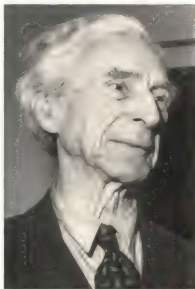
The Sisters Materassi was hailed on its publication in Italy as a "great novel by a great writer." It is scarcely that, but Novelist Palazzeschi knows how to turn a funny phrase, create an engaging character, and tell a charming story.

Skeptic on the Loose

SATAN IN THE SUBURBS AND OTHER STORIES (148 pp.)—Bertrand Russell—Simon & Schuster (\$3).

Penelope's papa was a Church of England clergyman "of a type now nearly extinct, low church, bigoted, and opposed to every kind of enjoyment." *Ecclesiastes* was his Bible; when Penelope spoke to a stranger, her father rebuked her in his own didactic paraphrases, saying: "If thy daughter be shameless, keep her in straitly." He refused her a piano ("Wine and music will rejoice the heart, but the love of wisdom is above them both") and kept her from the village fair ("Who so taketh pleasure in wickedness shall be condemned").

But one day the local squire's American wife smuggled dowdy Penelope into a beauty parlor. When the poor girl saw what a ravishing creature she really was, she popped an ad in *The Matrimonial News*: "Young woman of great beauty and impeccable virtue . . . wishes to meet young man . . . No clergy need apply." Like an arrow came the answer: "Dear Miss P . . . Few women would have the nerve to claim great beauty, and only a small proportion of these would at the



WILCOX WOODWARD—Black Star
BERTRAND RUSSELL
He can't explain the change.

same time claim impeccable virtue . . . I am consumed with curiosity . . ."

When they met, secretly, it was love at first sight for Penelope and Philip. But what about father's consent? Penelope advised Philip to dress up as a curate. He did, and looked the part to perfection. What's more, he completely won over the crusty parent by quoting yards of *Ecclesiastes*.

They honeymooned in Paris. On their first morning back in England, Philip donned his clerical disguise. When Penelope raised wondering eyebrows, he confessed: "I can no longer conceal from you that I am a curate . . . I have basely deceived you . . . My only excuse is the greatness of my love." At which Penelope sprang from her bed, screaming, "I shall never forgive you! . . . I will make you rue the day that you treated a poor girl in this infamous manner. I will make you, and as many as possible of your clerical accomplices, as much of a laughing stock as you have made me."

Philosopher to Fictioneer. Penelope's subsequent running fight with the Church of England (only to be recaptured by her husband in the end) makes up the remainder of *Benefit of Clergy*, the best of the five short stories in this collection. But Penelope's astonishment at finding her husband a clergyman is as nothing compared to the reader's at finding Philosopher Bertrand Russell a short-story writer. Even Russell himself cannot explain why, in his 80s, he has suddenly turned fictioneer: "For some reason entirely unknown to me I suddenly wished to write the stories in this volume, although I had never before thought of doing such a thing."

The result is engaging. The sardonic, good-humored tone is what might be expected from Britain's dean of skeptics. The easy, unhurried prose and the fantastic nature of the plots are those of a man who was growing up when Robert Louis Stevenson was writing *New Arabian Nights*. Indeed, much of the five stories might have sprung from three of Stevenson's epigrams: "Everyone lives by selling something"; "There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy"; "Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords."

Stricken Fish. In *Satan in the Suburbs*, the Devil shows that the road to Hell is paved with the grey concrete of self-righteousness and lit by the glint of hard cash. In *The Corsican Ordeal of Miss X*, a bumbling professor's efficient secretary becomes the tool of Corsican anarchists, and discovers something she never learned in secretarial college—"that Pitman's was but the gateway to the gallows." In *The Infrar-Redscope*, gullible consumers are convinced by press lords and admen that if they buy a recommended gadget they will be able to detect the presence of invading Martians. In *The Guardians of Parnassus*, dons of "Oxbridge" are shown acting upon "that stern devotion to moral principles which enables men to inflict torture without compunction."

Author Russell uses live bait and barbed

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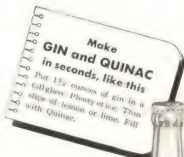
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THE WORLD OVER

hooks, tickles out many a specimen of his lifelong enemies in suburbia, the church and the academy. His weakness is that he has no notion how to land his stricken fish. His stories start briskly, proceed confidently, then tend to peter out halfheartedly. This is all right in the field of skeptical philosophy, but fiction, which is essentially an act of faith, needs something more conclusive.

Death on the Mountain

THE MOUNTAIN (122 pp.)—Henri Troyat—Simon & Schuster (\$2.50).

Leon Tarasov was born in Moscow in 1911, but like a lot of other White Russians, he and his family wound up in Paris. The boy took to his adopted language like a Cossack to vodka, and under the name of Henri Troyat, became a successful young writer. Although he wrote brilliant biographies of Dostoevsky and Pushkin, his specialty has been winning the top French prizes for fiction. At 24 he took the *Roman Populiste*, at 27 the *Prix Goncourt*. Then the stuffy French Academy awarded him the *Prix Louis Barthou* for his all-round excellence. And now his latest novel, *The Mountain*, has carried off something called the *Prix Littéraire du Prince Rainier III de Monaco*.

The Mountain is that fairly rare thing in modern fiction, a moving story about a good man. Cleanly and dramatically written, it might have been even more effective if the hero weren't a little touched in the head. In the tiny French mountain village where he lived, Isaiah was a great mountain climber, a great guide. In a country where the profession is taken seriously, he was an important citizen. Then he had had a series of accidents, and in the last of them Isaiah's skull had been fractured. When he got home from the hospital, he was a broken man, still powerful but a bit simple-minded, good only for tending sheep and common labor.

Younger brother Marcellin was a lesser breed of mountain man, lazy, lecherous, greedy. He could twist Isaiah around his finger, but poor fuzzy Isaiah loved him and needed him. When the Calcutta-London plane crashed on the snow-covered peak of the great mountain,* Marcellin itched to get at the gold that was rumored to be part of the cargo. When a rescue attempt failed, he browbeat Isaiah into guiding him to the summit.

Those who get their armchair thrills from books like *Annapurna* (TIME, Jan. 12) will recognize the familiar shivers as Author Troyat skillfully takes them up the treacherous mountain with the brothers. Once at the plane, Marcellin, in an orgy of greed, strips the frozen corpses of their valuables as the shocked Isaiah begs him to stop. They find one survivor, a lovely Indian girl, barely alive. Isaiah is not too simple-minded to know what they must do: get the girl down and to a doctor. Marcellin wants no survivors. In an end-



NOVELIST TROYAT
Like a Cossack to vodka.

ing that is nearly as pat as it is inevitable, Isaiah passes judgment on his brother, beats him almost to death and leaves him to die.

The Indian girl dies too before they reach Isaiah's house, but by that time Isaiah is crazed indeed, keeps talking to her and introduces her to his sheep. Needless, Author Troyat's simple story of good and evil ends on a note close to pure melodrama.

Hollywood Safari

WHITE HUNTER, BLACK HEART (344 pp.)—Peter Viertel—Doubleday (\$3.95).

The problem of this novel is: How are you going to keep them down on the sound stage after they've read Ernest Hemingway? Ever since he thrilled to *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber*, the famous Hollywood director, John Wilson, had been burning in his soul to look down the sight of a .475 into the little blue-black eyes of a charging elephant.

"Kid," he told his sidekick, Screenwriter Peter Verrill, "it's not a crime to kill an elephant. It's bigger than that... It's a sin... The only sin you can buy a license for and then go out and commit. And that's why I want to do it before I do anything else. You understand?"

Pete did not understand, and thereby hangs the tale. For Scripter Pete Verrill is not many changes of underwear away from Peter Viertel, the author of *White Hunter, Black Heart*, who in 1951 spent some months in the Congo as scriptwriter with the company of *The African Queen*, which was directed by John Huston. Viertel invited Huston to read the manuscript. Said Huston: "You can write anything you want about me."

To Live a Little. Wilson, as Viertel introduces him, is an extreme type of the Hemingway generation. Liquor all day, women all night, and then off to Kenya to

* A fictional parallel of the crash of an Air India Constellation on Mont Blanc 2½ years ago (TIME, Nov. 20, 1950).

get straight with God by horn-wrestling a buffalo. In Wilson's case, it's off to the Congo to shoot a few elephants before making a movie in the middle of the jungle.

Scriptwriter Pete goes with him, and they fight every step of the way through an underbrush of moralization about the evils of wanton slaughter. In the end Wilson gets tired of the safari to self-understanding and snarls: "What the hell, a man's responsibility is really limited to himself. If you found out, through me, that you're not as brave as you think you are, well, that's not my fault. You would have found out ultimately anyway."

"Oh, I admit, it's nasty of me to have helped that discovery find the light of day in your soul, but God damn it . . . I'm not running as a moral guy. You are . . . I'm just going along, trying to live a little before I die."

Judgment Drums. The rest of the animal kingdom, of course, has to die a little so that Wilson can live, including not only an elephant, but, as bad luck would have it, a native hunter too. As he drives away from the scene of his sin, the African drums drub out a judgment: "White hunter, black heart."

Hunter Viertel himself can scarcely have a white heart in the matter. He brought his own game crashing down with what must seem a little like a shot in the back. Yet perhaps the larger denizens of Hollywood are fair game; certainly a great deal can be excused in a jungle book as fast and exciting as Viertel's. It would probably make a good movie, like *The African Queen*.

RECENT & READABLE

The Bridges at Toko-ri, by James A. Michener. A short, sometimes blunt novel about a carrier pilot who found out why he was fighting in Korea (TIME, July 13).

A Mingled Yarn, by H. M. Tomlinson. Graceful essays in recollection by an eminent ironist who would have been just as happy if the 20th century had never arrived (TIME, July 13).

The Conservative Mind, by Russell Kirk. A sympathetic survey of the philosophy which underlies the conservative position, from Edmund Burke and John Adams to the present (TIME, July 6).

New Guinea and the Marianas, by Samuel Eliot Morison. The definitive U.S. naval history of World War II reaches Volume VIII, the decisive summer of 1944, and the campaigns which brought the Pacific War to the doorstep of Japan (TIME, June 29).

King George the Fifth, by Harold Nicolson. A masterful political biography of a dutiful and old-fashioned man (TIME, June 1).

7½ Cents, by Richard Bissell. Life in the Midwest as seen from a pajama factory; a sturdily original little novel by a writer who began as Mark Twain did, as a riverboat pilot (TIME, May 25).

The Rommel Papers. A self-portfolio, from letters and campaign notes, of one of the most aggressive commanders in military history (TIME, May 18).

Controlled ... by feedback



Ever wonder why there are more bumble bees near towns than in the country? Probably not—but Darwin did. He discovered that field mice destroy bees' nests. He reasoned that there are more cats near towns to destroy mice, fewer mice to destroy bees' nests and therefore more bumble bees. Darwin called it the process of natural selection—Automatic Control Engineers call it a "feedback sequence."

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MISCELLANY

Eat, Drink & Be Merry. In Savannah, when Mrs. Annie L. Horsi sued the local Coca-Cola bottling company for \$20,000 after allegedly finding a cockroach in one of its bottles, Defense Counsel Alex Lawrence told the jury that the insect could cause her no harm, to prove his point took a cockroach from his pocket, ate half of it, won his case.

Perfect Timing. In Port Huron, Mich., less than an hour after Building Inspector Roy Monroe inspected and condemned a city-owned warehouse, it collapsed.

Men of Good Will. In Pawhuska, Okla., firemen who had raced 28 miles from Bartlesville to help fight a \$50,000 blaze arrived after it was all over, discovered that they had lost their fire hose en route.

Rattletrap. In Petaluma, Calif., garage mechanics examined David McClure's car after he complained of a "strange rattle," traced it to the back seat, where they found a rattlesnake poised to strike.

Who's Next? In Atlanta, the *Journal-Constitution* carried an ad offering for sale a "honeymoon lodge with big stone fireplace . . . Rustic and different . . . Reason for leaving: honeymoon over."

Self-Employed. In Madison, Wis., pleading guilty to a \$353 bank holdup, Frederick L. Keller, 18, told the court that he needed the money to convince his probation officer that he was earning a living.

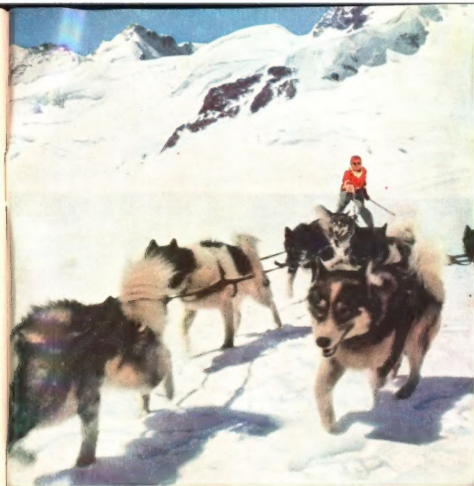
False Economy. In Oakland, Calif., fined \$15 for driving without a steering wheel, Emmet Williams testified that he used a wrench to turn the steering mechanism, added: "I was very careful."

The Friendly Motorist. Near Clifton, N.J., when another car forced his auto off the road, Ernest Bale, 19, walked over to the offending driver, who slowly raised a small chemical fire extinguisher, squirted Bale in the face, and drove off without a word.

Infiltration. In Hazard, Ky., police ended an eight-year search for Elhanon Napier, charged with horse stealing, when they found him employed as a cook at the city jail.

Crushing Argument. Near Baxley, Ga., distributing handbills attacking a proposed law to curb cattle on highways, R. C. Carter changed his mind, became an active supporter of the measure after his car struck a stray bull and was smashed.

Underpaid. In Melbourne, Australia, in the hospital for removal of two razor blades swallowed on a bet, Seaman Albert Graham told doctors: "It was a silly thing to do for only two quid [\$4.48]. It was worth at least a fiver [\$11.20]."



My dogs'
sixth sense
saved me

on
Aletsch Glacier

1 "It sounded like rare sport when my guide suggested a *hundeskiennen* across Switzerland's mightiest glacier—but this dog-team run on skis turned into a hazardous race," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. It *was* good sport—until I got the urge to race. I moved outside the narrow marked safety lane to pass. Suddenly my huskies stopped in their tracks...



2 "Dead ahead we found a gaping death trap. A snow bridge, weakened by the July sun, had collapsed to reveal a deep crevasse. Some instinct had warned the dogs of the danger I couldn't have seen..."



3 "Cracking my whip, I hustled my sure-footed dogs back between the columns of red flags that showed the safe route skirting the glacier's crevasses. After that I stayed in line... and remembered the old saying about a dog being man's best friend. Nothing was ever more true..."



4 "I didn't breathe easy till afterward... when we got inside the glacier. Even there, at a bar carved from solid ice, Canadian Club was no stranger."

5 "Ski enthusiasts come from all over to enjoy Aletsch Glacier's summer sport. Wherever they're from they know Canadian Club and prize it."
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